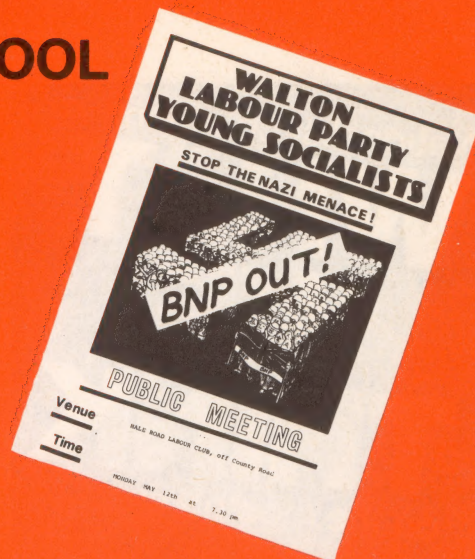


No. 212 JUNE 1986

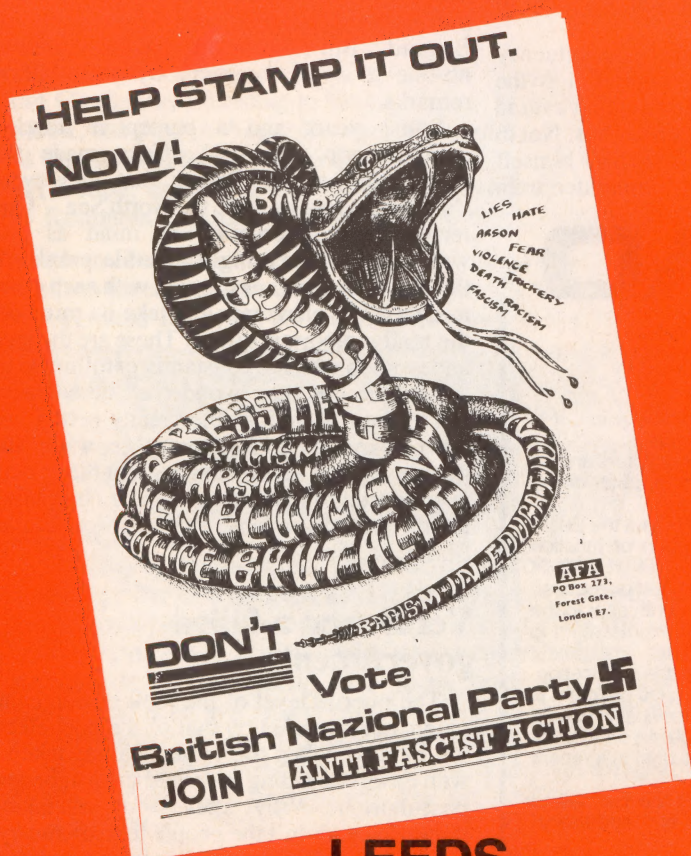
Spearhead

50p

LIVERPOOL



Opposition and media go hysterical over BNP



LEEDS



BROMLEY

Nationalist comment **WHAT WE THINK** on the month's news

Silliness rules OK!

The pathetic state of politics in Britain was never better demonstrated than in the run-up to, and aftermath of, the recent local government elections and parliamentary by-elections in Ryedale and West Derbyshire, which were widely heralded as the big test of the Government's 'mid-term' standing among the voters.

As the elections approached, we witnessed a series of party political broadcasts by the leading contestants. Are we wrong in believing the style and presentation of these broadcasts to be an indication that the politicians today have a still greater contempt for the intelligence of the public than even they used to do? Certainly a TV viewer coming into the room in the middle of one of these efforts could be excused from thinking he was watching *Children's Hour*, such is the level at which the appeal of the parties is now pitched. In one recent broadcast the Tories decided it was time to attack the Alliance. This they did by means of a cartoon showing three cars going down a road. The car representing Labour was going down one side and the one representing the Tories was going down the other side in the opposite direction. A third car, obviously meant to portray the Alliance, was then depicted getting into an awful mess trying to keep to the **middle** of the road!

In another broadcast, this time by the SDP, ham comic John Cleese was filmed prancing about in the role of a nutty schoolmaster employing various charts to demonstrate the unfairness of the 'first-past-the-post' voting system and the superior merits of proportional representation.

As the local government elections of last month approached, the Tories did a broadcast making a big meal of the fact in the London borough of Wandsworth they had given a handsome rebate to the local ratepayers. This was illustrated by a councillor standing in a Wandsworth street. As the various passers-by approached he went up to them, announced himself as representing the council and gave them the good news that they had been given the rebate, taking the money out of his wallet and giving it to them on the spot!

At a time when the condition of our country calls for a more serious and adult approach to politics than ever before, the best the parties can manage is to descend to the level of Micky Mouse.

The election campaigns in Ryedale and West Derbyshire indicated a similar frivolity.

In one scene in the West Derbyshire campaign Tory elder statesman Willie Whitelaw was filmed chatting to people in a town centre. Someone offered him a Bakewell tart. "Jolly good tart," Willie says, "but not good for my figure!" — to which a respectful titter ran round the assembled company.

In another shot the Liberals were shown engaging in a Wellington boot-throwing competition on a garden lawn. First went party leader David Steel, who tossed the boot into the distance. Next to have a go was the local candidate, a much bigger man than his boss. Very diplomatically, he let his throw fall somewhat short of Steel's — a deference to rank that did not pass unnoticed by the commentator. Exactly what the two men were doing engaging in such silly games in the first place was a question that it did not seem to occur to anyone to ask.

The West Derbyshire constituency happens to contain a transport museum, so the Tory candidate was duly filmed riding around it on the top of an elderly open-air bus. Not to be outdone, the Labour man had himself photographed getting on a commuter train



FACE OF A LOSER

The May election results were a massive declaration of no confidence in Mrs. Thatcher and her gang.

and chatting to the passengers.

All in all, the hustings had about them the flavour of a garden party in which most of the conversation consisted of small talk and inanities rather than occasions for serious discussion of the affairs of a nation in desperate trouble and fighting for its survival. No doubt away from the TV cameras there were moments when things were at not quite such a frivolous level but the public at large was not permitted to see them. Any would-be political leader with a serious purpose in life would have said to the cameramen: "No, gentlemen, I am not going to perform tricks just to keep your viewers entertained; I am here to put forward policies for the recovery of Britain!" But it seemed to have occurred to no-one to spoil the party by such killjoy remarks.

Some years ago a perceptive foreign commentator on world affairs made the observation of the British that they were "sinking, giggling, into the North Sea." One recalls that observation to mind as one watches the increasingly juvenile pranks of the old party chiefs as they vie with each other to amuse the electorate and take its mind off the really important issues. These are the men and women who are constantly extolling to us the benefits of their wonderful 'democracy' but in their behaviour they really reveal just what a farce their 'democracy' is, when 'the people' by whose will and consent the system is supposed to operate need to be courted by antics and diversions more appropriate to Southend Pier.

Verdict on a failed government

The puerile level of the pre-election campaign was equalled by that of the post-election inquest, when the Tories, having taken a well deserved hiding, engaged in an agonised post-mortem. Why, they were all asking themselves, didn't the people love them any more? After all they had done for the country,

SPEARHEAD

No. 212 JUNE 1986

PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS

Editor: John Tyndall

Spearhead exists to reflect a cross-section of contemporary British Nationalist opinion. It is privately published by its founder and is independent of all political parties and groups.

Unless specifically stated to the contrary, the views expressed in signed articles or letters are the sole responsibility of their authors and do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor or the policies of any political organisation that *Spearhead* may support editorially.

The appearance of an advertisement in *Spearhead* is not necessarily indicative that the Editor has any knowledge of, interest in or support for the product, service, organisation or function advertised.

Spearhead welcomes enquiries from potential advertisers, to whom rates will be sent on request. Advertising matter, accompanied by pre-payment, must be submitted at least one month prior to the publishing date (normally the first day of each month) of the issue for which the advertisement is intended. The Editor reserves the right to refuse to publish advertisements submitted.

The Editor is pleased to receive from readers manuscripts of articles for possible publication, which should normally not be longer than 1,250 words and typed in double-spacing. No payment is made for articles published, which become *Spearhead* copyright unless authors specifically request otherwise at the time they submit their manuscripts. The Editor reserves the right to shorten or otherwise amend articles accepted for publication should shortage of space or editorial judgement require such alteration to be made.

Those wishing to reprint *Spearhead* articles must first gain the permission of the Editor and undertake to include with the printed matter the author's name and the name and address of *Spearhead*.

just how could the people be so ungrateful?

One section of Tory opinion had the answer. It's just mid-term blues, these Tories said. It's really quite common for a government at this stage of its progress between one general election and another to be unpopular.

But this was not good enough for others in the party. It's our image that is wrong, they cried. We are just not presenting our case well enough to the public. We are not being sufficiently persuasive in telling the people about our achievements.

Achievements! Here we have quite easily the most disastrous government in Britain's modern history, even more disastrous than the many disastrous governments that we have had in endless succession ever since World War I. Unemployment is at record level. Our towns and cities are being torn apart by crime, anarchy and communal strife. Our education system is collapsing under the weight of its own rottenness. We have such little confidence in our industries that we are selling them off at job lots to foreigners. Left-wing extremism is on the rampage everywhere, not because of the appeal of its doctrines to the mass of people but simply because of lack of any visible alternative. Britain is viewed with a mixture of pity and contempt around the world. And we have the government that has presided over all this talking of its achievements!

The truth of the matter is of course that the British people in increasing numbers, despite the mind-numbing propaganda to which they are subjected, in huge daily doses, by the controlled media, can see with their own eyes as they walk about their localities and absorb the basic facts about our national situation which no media propaganda can gloss over that Britain is in an utter shambles and that it has been reduced to this state of affairs by lamentable leadership.

The people gave their verdict on this leadership on May 8th. They told Thatcher and Co. that they were no longer wanted, and that they should go.

But what is the alternative?

The question raised in the above heading is one to which the British public does not yet know the answer. It only knows that the policies that have been tried since Mrs. Thatcher came to office in 1979 have not worked. What policies **will** work is something over which few have any idea? How can they, when all serious discussion of the most important issues facing the nation has been heavily censored and circumscribed in public debate, when solutions necessary to set Britain on the road to true recovery are not even allowed a proper hearing?

So the people, not aware of any real alternative to the present chaos, turn back to the men and the parties which, only a short time previously, have themselves been equally architects of that very chaos.

Some of them turn to Labour, every government of which since the 1920s has been a government of absolutely appalling record. Some others turn to the Liberals, who have not governed since the 1920s but who before that time contributed more than any other party to the weakening of Britain's unity, industry and Empire — and whose modern representatives demonstrate in every

word they speak that they cannot offer a new idea, a single policy that has not been tried in the past under other names and has failed along with all the rest.

Then others turn to the SDP, which by its electoral pact with the Liberals tells us clearly that its differences with that party are only ones of minor detail.

The SDP, which constitutes merely the Labourites of yesterday who lost control of that party to the left because of their weakness, their lack of fight and their inability to win Labourites over to alternative policies. The SDP, whose leading lights were all flops when they held office in Harold Wilson's and Jim Callaghan's Labour Governments. The SDP, who see themselves as heirs to the Socialism of Attlee and Gaitskell, the Socialism that started Britain's post-war rot and turned the victories of El Alamein and Burma into a headlong national retreat that has not yet stopped.

This is the reality of the system that we call 'democracy', which purports to offer the people the opportunity of a political change of direction when they grow tired of the direction that has been followed to date, but which in truth offers them no such chance to change at all, only to elect another weak and incapable gang of no-hopers who will follow the same path downhill in all essential respects, merely under different colours and with different slogans.

The contempt for the people demonstrated by the childish gimmicks that pass for party political broadcasts must surely be in the forefront of the minds of the racketeers who control the system. They have the people cornered and in a noose. If they run to escape from one gang the route they must take leads them inevitably into the arms of another, which exploits them with the same contempt and the same cynicism, pandering to them at election time by kissing their babies and praising their cakes, then once that formality is done with getting on with policies that bear not the remotest resemblance to what the people want.

This is the 'democracy for which our servicemen fought two wars to make the world safe.

But all is not gloom. There is one small consolation to be gained from the recent local government elections. Nationalist candidates in a number of areas achieved much better results than for some years. Though the improvement was not universal, it did indicate that the low watermark of Nationalist support reached in the late 1970s and early 1980s has been passed and that there is an opportunity now for Nationalism to make a comeback.

That opportunity must be grasped with open arms in the times ahead, for only in Nationalism is there any true alternative to the shipwreck bequeathed to us by the parties of the old order. Along that path lies Britain's hope. Let's set about turning the hope into reality!

End of the British ship?

Were Sir Francis Drake or Lord Nelson to have consulted a crystal ball-gazer in either of their times and asked for predictions about the future of their country, and had they been told that one day a British Government would

willingly sanction the wholesale dismantling of the shipbuilding industry, these illustrious compatriots of ours could have only made one rejoinder: "You've got to be joking!"

Yet today we are witnessing such a madhouse prophecy becoming reality. Last month's cuts in the labour forces of British Shipbuilders' yards at Sunderland, Govan and Appledore and the complete closures of the yards at Middlesbrough and Troon, in total involving just under 4,000 job losses, amount to nothing more than an act of national suicide — and not just on the industrial front; no nation in the world more than Britain needs ships to survive in both peace and war. Although these latest closures and cuts involve mainly merchant shipping manufacture, they all add up to a whittling down of our maritime industrial capacity, which in turn is bound to affect our ability to provide for the Royal Navy and the defence of the Realm.

The Government tamely tells us that these cuts and closures are 'inevitable' because the orders simply are not coming in.

This is rubbish. A great maritime nation like Britain has, and will always have, a massive need for sea transport, both for the purposes of trade and defence.

If all shipbuilding contracts granted by British shipping firms were, on order of government, given to British shipyards — as was the case in previous centuries — there would be ample work for all our yards — and more!

But this is not happening. The Government, in obedience to its religion of the international 'free market' has allowed British companies to buy ships from all over the world. Foreign-made ships now form a substantial part of Britain's merchant and fishing fleets. This is the reason for the destruction of our shipbuilding industry.

The Government and its apologists would claim that such a protectionist policy would have featherbedded the British shipbuilding industry and discouraged it from being competitive. Well, there are two answers to this.

The first is that the 'free market' policy of letting in imports has **not** made our industry competitive; it has simply ruined it.

The second is that the two most competitive shipbuilding nations in the world today, Japan and South Korea, have built up their shipbuilding capacity by precisely the opposite of 'free market' methods. These industries have been heavily protected and they have been granted special long-term financing facilities by their governments that simply are not available in the normal international financial market.

The British Government could adopt both these measures to preserve what is left of the British shipbuilding industry and further expand it. Such measures would need to be accompanied by other reforms, of course; such as the ending of demarcation rules and other practices that hamper productivity and efficiency. Improvements have in fact been made in these fields, though there is still some way to go.

But killing an industry off is not the right way to make it more efficient. The Government in doing this is like a doctor who conveniently solves the problem of a patient's illness by letting him die!

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENEMY

JOHN TYNDALL reflects on the red rabble, whom we met at a meeting last month

THEY AMBLED IN, as they do, with those familiar expressions on their faces that combine truculence, hatred and a pretended boredom. They came in all sexes, ages, shapes and sizes, but with that common female adolescent pout which says to everybody: "I'm determined to demonstrate my displeasure at present company — make sure you notice my look!"

We were letting them into our meeting, as we are bound to do as part of the same law which we were required to invoke ourselves in order to be able to hold the meeting in the first place. Had they been ordinary people harbouring some misconceptions about our policies but with minds open to reason and argument, we would have welcomed them and been glad to listen to their criticisms of what we stood for, so that those criticisms could have been answered in a spirit of friendly debate. But it was abundantly clear that this was not their purpose; they were thoroughly cloned leftists, with their minds tightly imprisoned in the straightjacket of their dogmatic though ludicrous ideology. They had but one object in being present: to cause trouble and get the meeting stopped.

TACTICS ALWAYS THE SAME

We did not even have to ask ourselves what their tactics would be; those tactics repeat themselves with clockwork regularity, as we have found on so many occasions before. To begin with, there would be massed chanting — what words were chanted would be of no importance; the important thing was to create such a noise that the speaker's voice could not be heard. The calculation was that we would then be forced to eject the noise-makers. They would obviously not go just at our verbal request, so that we would have to remove them physically. Then of course they would feel able to turn reality upside down and say that **we** were the aggressors because we laid a hand on them before they laid a hand on us — **we** had in fact 'attacked' **them**! One can just picture in one's mind's eye the red revolutionary training manual with its page open at this point of instruction and the comrades studiously digesting the lesson.

Part of this technique is for the comrades to bring with them a number of women and then put the women up front where they become the rowdiest of the trouble-makers. The hope is of course that our stewards, in removing these women from the meeting, will be obliged to use a degree of force which will place them in the light of appearing as the brutal attackers of defenceless females. To



Photo by Richard Fawcus

US AND THEM

Tower Hamlets: Nationalists are sat in the front, demonstrating reds to the rear

provoke just this situation, the women very often are the most violent of all in their resistance to ejection and the most virulent of all in their insults against those who have to do the ejecting.

I say 'women', but actually that is to flatter those to whom I am referring. Speaking generally of the left-wing mob, it is an observation of mine — and one shared by all of my friends — that the aspect of the mob seems to be the same whether you encounter it in London, Bradford, Leicester, Liverpool or anywhere else: it is one of almost uniform physical repulsiveness. In the great majority, these people are ugly, unhealthy-looking, with bodies quite obviously badly in need of exercise and fresh air, to say nothing of nutritious diet, and with an outer layer of scruffiness and dirt. The males are often tall but of invariably poor physique. A sizeable proportion of them are obvious queers of the most ostentatious type, while all round the abundance of facial hair seems to be employed as a ruse to make seem frightening faces that underneath are weak and vapid.

GHASTLY FEMALES

But the female section of the species seems best to exemplify the very low-grade human material that our enemies recruit. They are a positively ghastly lot, inviting the ribald comments they sometimes get from people on our side that their political fanaticism is a product of their resentment that no decent man would ever touch them. What a contrast

between their women and ours! Our women are generally feminine and attractive, though as yet all too thin in numbers — possibly a product of their conviction that their role is to run the home while their menfolk are out fighting for hearth and homeland! Old fashioned, yes! But if the female product is anything to go by, far preferable. We have a lot of women among our supporters, but not one of them was present on this occasion. Many are married and are busy mothers. There is also a natural disposition of our men, married or just with girlfriends, not to bring their women with them to events where the opposition could turn nasty and their physical safety be under threat. This is a reflection of the big contrast between our attitudes and those of our opponents; they harbour no such 'sexist' sentiments as protectiveness towards their womenfolk but, on the contrary, are quite happy to push them up in the front line as tools of battle in the way that I have described. It must be said in mitigation, however, that the types of women involved are not such as to bring out a man's most chivalrous instincts. Some look as if they have dubious credentials as women at all. Practically all are frightful harridans who look as if they haven't taken a bath for months. They speak in strident screeches in which there is frequent resort to four-letter obscenities. Their faces are hard, unlovely and hateful. They wear 'unisex' clothes that are probably just as well in view of the unprepossessing figures underneath them. It has been said from our platform more than once that those

Contd. on next page

females are of the type which over the ages have driven men into monasteries!

The tactics expected were, needless to say, the tactics employed. As the chairman of the meeting got up to speak, the cacophony of noise started. It was quite clear that no persuasion was going to stop it, but the chairman nevertheless had to go through the ritual motions of attempting to exercise such persuasion so that it could not afterwards be said that he had not given due warning to the mob of what would happen if they didn't shut up. Even with his using a loudhailer, it is doubtful if they heard him above their own din. The moment for action had clearly arrived.

QUICK EXIT

It was hardly really a fight. A few of them put up a bit of resistance but the majority, as they saw our men making towards them, took to their heels and ran. On this occasion the police presence in the hall was minimal when the decision to eject the troublemakers was made, and most of them had vacated the premises, whether on their own initiative or otherwise, by the time a larger number of police had entered, so that the work of ejection on this occasion could accurately be said to be 90 per-cent that of our own stewards with a bit of help from the police at the end. This is the way we would always prefer it but not the way it is always allowed to be. Our reason for this preference is that it is repeatedly the claim of the 'oppo' in their publications that we require the police to protect us from them — an assertion that is only true of occasions when their preponderance in numbers is so great as not to give us a chance. At any time when, as here, the numbers are about equal, or even 2-1 in their favour, it is they — not we — who need the protection!

In their own hearts they know this, as was evidenced at this meeting. Partly of course they are the victims of their own propaganda, which portrays our young activists as the modern British counterparts to the Waffen S.S. Mesmerised by tales of the 'Nazi brutality' they will encounter if they mix it with us, they tend to beat a retreat worthy of the traditions of the Italians in North Africa when faced with the Eighth Army. But propaganda does not tell the whole of the story. Mixed with this is a deep feeling of inferiority — which in this case can be seen as entirely understandable when their people are compared with our people physically. We seem to have an abundance of healthy and fit-looking young men of larger than average size and build who, being reared in a much more natural environment than our opponents, have learned to look after themselves. This is not to say that they are in any way to be likened to football yobbos, who pick fights for the sake of fighting; our men are orderly and disciplined and only fight when they have to. Indeed you will probably find amongst them more sports-players than sports-watchers, which could be one reason for their physical ascendancy.

At any rate, the half-men of the left mostly

took to their heels almost as soon as our men started rising from their seats, and the task of removing those who resisted was a pretty brief and easy one.

FREEDOM TO HECKLE

One frightful female remained in the hall and kept up a torrent of abuse at the speakers for the remainder of the meeting. She was obviously hoping to make sufficient nuisance of herself to provoke our stewards into giving her a rough exit. They refused to be thus drawn, and, to her great disappointment, stood impassively at their posts ignoring her barely coherent rantings. At question time she was allowed to have her say without any attempt at 'gagging', let alone intimidation — a facility unlikely to be enjoyed by any of our supporters, male or female, at a meeting of the left.

At the end of the afternoon what do you think they did? As we prepared to leave the hall we were informed by the police that numerous 'complaints' had been made by those who had left earlier that our people had 'assaulted' them! The nerve of these folk knows no bounds. Everywhere they go they preach — and when possible practise — the policy that 'Fascists' like ourselves must not be argued with but must be smashed by physical force. They had come along on the day with the clear intention of doing just that if they could, yet the moment a fight started and they got the worst of it they were whining at the tops of their voices at the allegedly rough treatment they had received! One is reminded of the words of Sir Oswald Mosley in his book *My Life*, describing similar circumstances he had experienced in the 1930s with an earlier generation of the same species: "Buy knuckle-dusters before a meeting — go there to have a row — jump on the stewards' backs — get thrown out roughly — have a good cry." This is of course not how men worthy of the name react to the rough-and-tumble of controversy and conflict, but we must realise that most of the specimens who came to have a row at our meeting last month were not 'men' in any real sense of the word; they were spoilt little brats from mainly middle class homes who had presumed to take upon themselves the role of spokesmen for 'the workers'. They had been nurtured in the hothouse of 'progressive' school and university, where they either still were or had left to take up cosy appointments either in teaching, local government, journalism or some other sphere where they could make most mischief in the promotion of their pet political hobby-horses. Never in the whole of their sheltered lives, lived in an environment of decadence, had they ever been subjected to conditions which induced them to 'grow up'. They remain like the little boy who behaves thoroughly objectionably towards everyone throughout the duration of the party then yelps blue murder when finally he is smacked. Those of us who have left our childhood behind understand as a rule of life that if

we go about trying to inflict our viewpoint on others to the extent of bashing them when they decline to agree we will ourselves eventually end up casualties of the war we are determined on prosecuting. But these people, who very likely were the offspring of indulgent parents who never raised a hand to them in anger and the products of an education system whose teachers acted likewise seem only to understand their own right to get aggressive when they cannot get their way, never the right of others to defend themselves against that aggression.

NO JOKE

We could dismiss these pathetic inadequates for the laughable creatures that they are but for the fact that today, in the chaos and disintegration of contemporary British society, they are to be found, not in the mental homes and slop houses, but in positions of influence and power. As 'educators' they are in a position to shape the minds of our children. As newspaper columnists they are able to disinform the masses. As participants in a political process that today resembles a mad-house, they are liable to get into parliament — or at least into the town halls, from whence they can use ratepayers' money in the construction of their international socialist fantasy worlds, where streets and squares are named after anti-British and anti-white terrorists and where class struggle murals adorn urban walls. The presence of at least one dog-collar among the rabble who came to wreck our meeting was a reminder that they also speak down to us from the pulpits of our centres of worship — erected of course as products of a culture against which today they wage unceasing war and in the service of a primitive world whose highest architectural creation is the mudhut.

No, we cannot laugh at these creatures because in today's world, turned upside down as it is, they are out of the sewers and in command of the heights. It is **their** values which, with increasing emphasis, dictate public policy — towards race, education, foreign affairs, morals and morality, the arts, housing, urban development, law and order and much else.

How has it happened? It has happened obviously not because of these people's own strengths, which were manifestly lacking in our recent encounter with them. It has happened because powerful forces stand behind them and manipulate them for purposes few of them can possibly comprehend. It is with this in mind that the words used in the heading to this article, 'the enemy', need to be qualified. The real and ultimate enemy they are not because that has to be an enemy with the intelligence and political skill to have largely conquered our civilisation. This flotsam could only be described as enemy 'fodder', C3 human material fit only to be used in the most menial functions of revolution.

Contd. on page 20

VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN

STANLEY CLAYTON-GARNETT looks back at the giants of the British past and contrasts them with the pygmies of the present

IF ONE ASCENDED a mountain, perhaps in the company of the provocative tempter of the Bible, and surveyed the lands of the world, one would experience horror at the results wrought by the political, spiritual, physical and biological carnage of the twentieth century. If one focussed upon the acts of political ineptitude, the contortions of unctuous ecclesiastical capitulation and the wilful destruction of our major industries, while comparing these failures with the successes of previous centuries, one would have no difficulty in believing that we are conniving at our own national self-destruction.

We have prepared the way for our Nemesis by turning advantage into disadvantage and by rejecting honour, virtue, morality and national pride for the venal gifts of Mammon: permissiveness, corruption (both physical and spiritual) and multi-racialism (with its related stigmata of racial and genetic pollution and its attendant debilitating virus of internationalism), all of which have contributed to the nauseous stagnation of national decay.

Do we not remember the lessons of Rome, Greece and Babylon, proud empires founded by men and women of honour and courage, which were brought to the dust by the very social malignancies which we as a nation now espouse? We too see the curse of cosmopolitan liberalism sapping our nation's moral fibre, until a large section of our indigenous population has lost the will to survive, and grovels to placate those who plan our national extinction.

NATIONAL INDIGNITY

What levels of indignity have we reached when Saudi Arabia requires British travellers to that country to produce a certificate authenticating that the holder has had a blood test and is not suffering from AIDS? What a travesty when Trinidad, a country whose surplus population we have accepted gratuitously, can dictate to us, without reproach, where our citizens shall compete in sport — all this while its expatriates live in Britain and on British largesse and some of them attempt by physical terror to mould our political attitudes and social responses! It is hard to accept that such countries should view us so contemptuously. So we must ask: is this the land of Drake, Nelson and Cook, of Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare? Is this the land for which so much blood was shed on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt and on the Somme and at

Ypres and Arras? Is it the land for which so many of my comrades died in World War II on battlefields extending from Burma, through the Continent of Africa, to Western Europe?

These men's sacrifice has been undervalued and too easily forgotten, betrayed by a faithless posterity and exploited by political establishments, which deceived our latter-day heroes and led them into wars which were none of Britain's affair, wars that were for the profit of the money-grubbing few who immersed their noses in the swirl of international speculative capitalism and at the expense of the deceived, though patriotic and courageous, many. The "land fit for heroes" promised those returning in 1918 has turned out to be the sordid playground for wimps, drug-sodden cretins and the debased victims of our multi-racial gutter society.

Where is the expression of idealism and spirituality which inspired our nation in the past? Pure noise now passes for music; art is either a pornographic utterance or an orgasm resulting from an incomprehensible act of artistic illiteracy; religion is the 'third world' gobbledegook of Runcie or Huddleston or the sartorially 'trendy' Geldof; 'good works' are now interpreted, not as helping the deserving poor, but as the provision of resources to assist the socially delinquent to overcome self-inflicted wounds like AIDS and drug-addiction, in order to provide them with further chances to pollute society; entertainment has descended to the corruption of the young by the continuous showing of the bad example; violence is the stock-in-trade of television and the other media, including the 'take away' filth of the video industry.

Controllers of these powerful institutions of mass communication, such as Jeremy Isaacs, may state that television violence does not affect social behaviour and that the increase in rape, child molestation and murder is purely coincidental, but teachers know that 'visual aid' is the most effective means of teaching children. In all forms of education and 'conditioning' it is the visual expression which impinges most upon the memory and the emotions.

BETRAYAL OF THE DEAD

If those who gave their lives for this country could only assemble on the mountain and see how their hopes and sacrifices have been betrayed, what would their verdict be on the generations which, through wickedness, indifference and apathy, had squandered the fruits of those sacrifices with such wanton

recklessness?

This is the century, particularly in Britain, when man has cast aside all moral precepts and embraced materialism and self-indulgence. Our biblical companion on the mountain, shrouded by his sulphuric aura, must be well content with what he sees.

A GLANCE BACK

Looking down from the mountain, let us compare Britain in the closing years of the 20th century with Britain at the beginning of the 11th century.

The 11th century began in England with the reign of Canute, the Dane, who, having overcome his racial kinfolk, the Anglo-Saxons, in battle, declared himself 'King of all England'. He was determined to rule justly and give equal measure to conquerer and conquered. He said:-

"I have vowed by God to govern my kingdoms with equity and to act justly in all things. I have no need that money be heaped together for me by unjust demands."

It is said that the greatest gift that Canute gave to the English people was that of nearly two hundred years of peace, broken only by the short struggle of the Norman Conquest and the dynastic confrontation between Stephen and Matilda. After the deaths of Canute and his heirs, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, the Anglo-Saxon line was re-established by the crowning of Edward the Confessor in 1042 and, following his death, by the accession of his son Harold — which provoked the Norman invasion of that year.

It must not be forgotten that the Normans were the descendants of those Northmen who had settled in Northern France and only recently adopted the French tongue, being in fact closely akin to most of the population of Britain except in the field of language. The Normans united the country under the strong government of William I and invested in public works, introduced new arts and literature. The native English spoke of "the good peace of William which he made in the land, so that a man might walk from end to end with a bosom full of gold" (unlike 1986!).

It would appear that William pursued a programme that Nationalists would recognise as being close to their own objectives — with the one exception that he encouraged the Jews to settle in English towns. But then the perceptions of 1066 were different to those of 1986. The policy of firm government continued to the end of the 11th century, and following the death of William in 1087 it was ably imple-

Contd. on next page

ented by his son William Rufus. It was he who authorised the building of Westminster Hall and London Bridge. He also supported the Crusades with considerable business acumen, using these sorties to stimulate the country's foreign trade.

NATIONAL SPIRIT

The 12th century began with the accession to the Throne of Henry I, who was the fourth and youngest son of William I. It was to his credit that he, apart from being a fine scholar and a strong, enlightened monarch, also had the good sense to be born a Yorkshireman! He ruled for 35 years and during this reign reduced the power of the barons, maintained law and order, gave London its charter and introduced the English standard of measure-



EDWARD THE FIRST
Seen here holding his newly born son, he was one of the very greatest kings this country has produced.

ment, the yard. By the military victory of the English at Tenchebrai, on Norman soil, it is said that the spirit of the English people grew into a **national spirit**.

Henry's death in 1135 resulted in a protracted civil war, based on the disputed right of succession between the rivals Stephen and Matilda and the invasion of England by King David of Scotland in support of her son Henry's claim to the Throne. The dispute was settled by Stephen adopting Henry as his son and guaranteeing his succession. The death of Stephen in 1154 marked the end of Norman rule, which had centralised government, strengthened the administration of the law,

stimulated industry and supported the Church so that the latter grew in learning, wealth and zeal.

Henry II, the first Angevin King, succeeded to the Throne in 1154. He was a territorial expansionist, who extended his realm by conquest or marriage from the Scottish River Tweed to the French Pyrenees. He held twice as much of France as did the French King and he also ruled **more than half of Ireland**. After the death of Henry II in 1189 Angevin rule continued until 1272. The chief feature of this period was the consolidation of the sense of nationhood when, following the loss of Normandy in the reign of John, even the Normans in England began to feel that they were Englishmen.

The reorganisation of the legal system by Henry II, backed by a strong implementation of the law, created conditions of confidence which allowed for the development of local government. The struggle between Parliament and King during the later period of Angevin rule resulted in the King retaining the power to appoint ministers, but Parliament succeeded in making them accountable to the nation, and thus it began to wrest the real political power from the hands of the King.

London became one of the wealthiest cities in Europe, based upon the prosperity engendered by the founding of the craft and trade guilds. Cheapside was the best attended market in the country, Winchester the largest wine centre, Worcester the busiest wheat market, Stourbridge the largest fair, Norwich the principal centre for the manufacture of woollens and Bristol the greatest seaport to the West and Yarmouth the greatest seaport to the East. This period marked the merging of Danish and Norman French into the English language, which assisted commerce, the law and the unity of the people.

1272 marked the beginning of the Plantagenet period and the reign of one of England's (and Britain's) greatest monarchs, Edward I. It has been described as a reign of great attempts and great successes, the object of which was to unite the whole British Isles under one strong rule. Edward's reign saw for the first time Parliament used as an instrument of government, which produced great reforms in the law and in the tenure of land. It saw the complete conquest of Wales and the attempted conquest of Scotland.

EXPULSION OF ALIENS

A laudable aspect of Edward's reign was the expulsion of the Jews in 1290. These people had long been the bankers and money brokers of England and had acquired a monopoly of the trade of moneylending because it was against the code of the Christians to charge interest or usury. The Jews had no such code and became enormously rich by charging monopolistic high rates of interest with which others could not compete. They had lived under the protection of the King in specially allocated areas of towns called 'The

Jewry'. Their exclusiveness, coupled to the misery caused by their extortionate rates of interest, caused an upsurge of popular feeling against them. They were accused of sacrificial rituals and in 1256 71 Jews were found guilty of crucifying a Christian boy, Hugh of Lincoln. 36 of the guilty ones were hanged.

Edward, a moderate man, first attempted to induce the Jews to accept Christianity but without success. Following this, he gave them two months' notice to leave the country. They were allowed to take their movable property with them and 16,000 left England for France, and from that time to the time of Cromwell no Jew set foot in England.

The Plantagenet period ended with the execution of Richard II in Pontefract Castle in 1399, his having been arrested and placed in custody by the Lancastrians. He had been a tyrant, an exploiter of his people and one lacking in the energy and ability of his Plantagenet forbears.

The 14th century had seen the villeins' insurrection under the leadership of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler and the emergence of the Lollards led by John Wycliffe. The Black Death of 1348 was the worst epidemic that the country has ever known, and the population was halved from 4 million to 2 million people. This reduction had serious economic consequences because the free labourers were now masters of the labour market, which caused wages to double and prices to soar. However, amongst the misery of the 14th century were beacons of inspiration in architecture and literature. This century is the period of the decorated Gothic style in architecture, and parts of Exeter Cathedral, York Minster and Durham Cathedral are striking specimens of this style. Geoffrey Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*, John Wycliffe translated the Bible into English. John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, wrote heroic epic poems. John de Trevisa produced an English translation of Ralph Higden's *Polychronicon* and Sir John Mandeville wrote of his travels in the East, first in Latin, then in French and finally in English. The reason he did this in three languages is given in his own words:-

"I put this boke out of Latyn into Frensch, and translated it out of Frensch into Englysch, that every man of my nacioun may understonde it."

The 15th century in England encompassed three dynasties: the Yorkist, the Lancastrian and finally, with the coming to the Throne of Henry VII in 1485, the Tudor dynasty. The century also saw the disastrous Wars of the Roses and more political plotting and conspiracy than most other centuries in England. It was, however, the age of the Great Enlightenment, the 'Renaissance', when the minds of men were awakened to astonishing new knowledge. We became aware, as the result of the voyages of discovery of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Cabot and others, of the existence of the New World, Southern Africa and the many islands in the ocean. We marvelled at the extent of the world in the same

Contd. overleaf

VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN

(Contd. from prev. page)

way that we marvel today, through space travel, at the infinity of the cosmos. The century brought the knowledge and the history of the civilised world within Man's grasp and opened schools and colleges to the poetry and philosophy of the Greeks.

In commerce and industry England prospered. The seas had been made safe from the ravages of piracy, and the demand for English wool and manufactured goods had been rapidly increasing. London was becoming one of the major ports of the world and exported wool, hides, leather and saddlery, and imported wines, silks, spices, dried fruit and metals. Commercial treaties had been signed with Portugal, Flanders, Florence, the Castiles, Brittany and the Hanseatic League. Villeinage had become outmoded and the position of labourers was much improved. They were no longer paid 'in kind' but received wages of fixed sums of money. The population rose again to around 4 million, which stimulated building and the growth of towns.

MAJOR POWER

The 16th century saw the emergence of England as a major world power, conscious of her interests and prepared to fight for them against any other nations. It was the age of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. It was the age of English victory in Scotland and the destruction of Spain as a world power. The Act of Supremacy was passed in 1559 and the Act of Uniformity was also passed later in that year, establishing the Church of England and guaranteeing the Protestant Succession. The Tudor period was one of great men and greater deeds: new lands were discovered which formed the basis of our future Empire. The printing press was invented. Land was enclosed. The woollen industry flourished and new manufacturing industries were established. The East India Company, the Turkey Company and the Russian Company were all established during this period and the merchant adventurers opened the markets of the world to English merchants. These were the days of glory and culture, for it was also the age of Spencer, Wyatt, Ben Johnson, Francis Bacon, William Shakespeare and Christopher Marlowe. The English language in which these men's works were written was very much the same language as we use today. The marriage of the various Nordic races had been fully consummated within these islands.

CENTURY OF CONFLICT

The 17th century began with the House of Stewart, following the death of Elizabeth in 1603, and terminated with the House of Orange. It was the age when Englishmen

killed Englishmen on English soil during the Civil War between King and Parliament from 1642 to 1648. It was also the time when Cromwell pacified Ireland and when Englishmen under the eminent sailor Robert Blake defeated the Dutch navy under Van Tromp and established English supremacy at sea. Later in the century, in 1690, William of Orange defeated the combined Irish and French forces at the Battle of the Boyne. It is said that William led his troops from the front whilst James skulked at the rear of his Irish troops. The story goes that the cowardice of the Stuart King prompted some of his officers at the time of retreat to shout: "Change Kings with us and we will fight you again!"

The wars throughout Europe towards the end of the 17th century had been fought, in part, by mercenary troops, and none more so than the wars fought by England in Ireland and Scotland and on the Continent of Europe against the French. When hostilities had ceased following the English Civil War most soldiers had returned to their peacetime occupations and settled down with their families, but the mercenary soldiers of the second half of the century did not have any families or jobs to which to return. The peace turned soldiers all over Europe into marauders, who plundered the rich and even attacked carriages in the centre of London. The coin of the realm was so badly clipped that it was necessary to withdraw the debased coinage and issue new coinage, which was resistant to clipping because of the mailed edges. The problem of ex-soldier marauders was so great that two societies were founded to combat it: the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, both in 1698.

Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts, came to the Throne in 1702 amidst many pressing social problems. The population numbered about 5½ million and 4 per-cent of that population were paupers. The average daily wage of a labourer was 1½ pence and the gap between the rich and the poor was much wider than today, even though the social behaviour of these two classes was similar. Drunkenness was prevalent and highwaymen infested

the roads. Criminals were so feared that when one was flogged on a cart's tail those who observed showed no pity but urged the flogger to put more strength into the strokes. Macaulay said:-

"The prisons were hells upon earth, women were flogged in them; and men who called themselves gentlemen made up parties of pleasure — of ladies and gentlemen — to go and gloat over the sickening sight."

He also said:-

"A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining excited less sympathy than was felt for an over-driven ox."

ACT OF UNION

The desperate social ethos of Queen Anne's reign did not in any way affect the patriotism of the people. 1707 saw the Act of Union which was to merge the previously separate English and Scottish nations into Great Britain. The War of the Spanish Succession, which Britain entered to curtail the power of the French, had been declared in 1702 amidst great national fervour. Britain soon had great reason to rejoice. Marlborough, the British general, marched from Flanders, along the Rhine, into the heart of Bavaria, where he defeated the French and Bavarians at the small town of Blenheim and took their commander, Marshal Tallard, prisoner. A grateful nation bestowed upon Marlborough the royal manor of Woodstock in Oxfordshire, upon which he built the palace named after his victory.

The year 1706 saw Admiral Rooke capture Gibraltar for Britain and Marlborough again defeat the French, this time under Marshal Villeroi, at Ramillies. This was followed by victories at Oudenarde, Malplaquet and Mons in 1709.

The 18th century was a momentous one for Britain. We lost the American colonies in the American War of Independence, which lasted from 1775 to 1783, but later we defeated the French in the Napoleonic Wars, which straddled the 18th and 19th centuries, ending in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815.

Contd. on next page



MARLBOROUGH AT THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

This was followed by four more great victories, bringing glory to British arms throughout Europe

In agriculture more land was brought under cultivation in the 18th century, with more scientific methods of crop rotation and the introduction of new crops. This greatly improved the yield of the farms. Manufacturing industry made great strides in the first phase of the Industrial Revolution as a result of the inventions of Watt, Hargraves, Arkwright and Crompton. Coal gas was used for domestic and street lighting in 1792 and this provided increased comfort in the home and safety in the streets. Britain was the leader of the world in invention, in agriculture and in the establishment of new industries. In military power it ranked first in the world and in consequence commanded the respect of all the other nations in the world. Patriotism came as naturally as 'mother's milk' and all parties within the realm subscribed unquestioningly to Britain's glory.

George III was on the Throne at the beginning of the 19th century, continuing a reign which began in 1760 and which was to run for 60 years until his death in 1820. Much important parliamentary legislation was enacted during his reign, including the Union of Great Britain and Ireland Act of the year 1800 and the Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which was introduced by William Wilberforce and passed in 1807 — although the holding of slaves was not made illegal until 1834. George's reign also had the dubious distinction of containing the only major act of domestic political assassination in Great Britain, when the Prime Minister, Mr. Spencer Percival, was killed by John Bellingham, described as a madman, in the lobby of the House of Commons.

INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION

The succeeding reigns of George IV and William IV saw Britain leap forward industrially, with the exception of the one commercial crisis of the South Sea Bubble in 1825. The reasons for this crisis were similar to the ones which have caused inflation and the decline of Britain's commercial power in the 1970s and 1980s, i.e.:-

- The cheapness of money and the ease with which it could be obtained for the purpose of floating new companies and for speculation.
- The small amount of bullion in the country compared with the enormous amount of paper money in circulation.
- The availability of long-term credit through the banks.
- Companies were floated whose capital was held by unknown people.

The second phase of the Industrial Revolution saw special impetus in investment in public works, which provided not only instruments of industrial development but symbols of national pride for Britain. The Caledonian Canal was completed in 1824, the Menai Suspension Bridge in 1825, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, the new London Bridge in 1831 and the National Gallery in 1837. In addition to these there were

many other such projects throughout the country too numerous to mention.

The greatest period of British imperial, political, social and industrial development was during the reign of Queen Victoria, which lasted for a phenomenal 64 years from 1837 to 1901. It was the time of imperial wars and of the consolidation of Empire. It was the time when Britain exercised her power in countries as remote as the Crimea, Turkey, Afghanistan, China and Sind. It was the age of the Chartists and of the Fenian risings and outrages in Ireland. It was the time of enlightened legislation and pride in being British, when no-one apologised for Britain's mission in the world or felt shame at her greatness. The most appropriate words relating to this period and which places in juxtaposition the attitudes held at that time and those held by a large part of our soggy society in 1986 are contained in an *History of England and Great Britain*, published by Holden in 1899. I quote:-

"Great Britain, by the aid of her stores of iron and coal, still more by the courage, thoughtfulness and diligence of her people, has placed ships on every lake, river, sea and ocean, and has helped almost every nation on the face of the globe to pierce its country with roads and railways. Great Britain — an agricultural country until 1760 — is now one vast workshop; and her ports send to and receive from every nation in the world immense quantities of exports and imports. And **Great Britain is not only the hardest-working country in the world**; her people are the most daring and persevering explorers. The countries we explore we also hold; and hence the British Empire has grown to be the largest and most populous on the face of the globe, — a great past, a great present, a most hopeful future — these are the heritage of every man and woman born into the United Kingdom. And among all our great triumphs, the triumphs of the mind over error are the greatest because all can share in them: all can share in the triumphs of our language and our literature, all can be inspired, stimulated, and uplifted by them. No country can show greater thinkers, greater writers, greater poets.

These words provide the inspiration of the good example which is missing in our contemporary society. They express national pride and natural instincts free from the cant, hypocrisy and wetness which festoon the weasel utterances of the multi-racialist morons who preside over the demolition of the culture, traditions and national prosperity which were bequeathed to us by our racial forbears. How refreshing to hear words that provide the good example and seek to inspire those at whom they are directed to further glorious endeavour in the service of their country!

In looking down from the mountain, I have endeavoured to see a continuum of national development related to racial objectives rather than a precise pattern of historical development. Throughout our history we have resisted all foreign incursions, even when carried out by people who were racially compatible to ourselves. We have always promoted the interests of our country, irrespective of factional or party position, because patriotism and national interest were never regarded as negotiable commodities. The



VICTORIA

Her reign saw the greatest expansion of British power

serf, the villein, the labourer, the member of the trade guild, the magnate and the lord always expressed local and national pride. Life, in the physical sense, was certainly harder and punishment for crime severe. This severity of punishment was an obvious deterrent, but it was also administered in the belief that "to mortify the flesh would save the soul."

It is necessary, when looking at the historical past, to purge oneself of the lop-sided concepts of today, under which sympathy is given to the culprit and not to the victim, and the Archbishop of Canterbury invites 'prayers', not punishment, for the violent rapist. The thinking of the past was not cluttered with sex-abstracted theories of modern psychology nor the racially enervating sophistry which rejects personal responsibility and self-discipline in favour of "doing one's own thing."

How confusing for our spiritually deprived young to hear their country denigrated daily for its past imperialism when they are living on that imperialism's residue. It was imperialism which provided us with the basis for our current standard of living and provided culture for those countries to which we brought industry, trade and the benefits of British will and skill. When we witness the social behaviour of some of our young people we feel dismayed, but when we think of the genetic admixture of our Saxon and Celtic ancestry we must have the conviction that heredity will eventually overcome environment.

We, as Nationalists, must pursue our commitment, in spite of all temporary adversity, to create a national environment in which the fruits of our genetic and cultural inheritance will flourish. Our forefathers achieved this in the past, as recorded history shows in the words published by Holden:-

"All can be inspired, stimulated and uplifted. We fight to keep faith with our glorious past, to overcome the present evils which afflict our country, and to build a great future."

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland we pledge to thee
Head, heart and hand through the years to be

KIPLING

'HEIMAT': HISTORY REVISITED

JEFFREY TURNER looks at an enigmatic film from Germany

FEW T.V. FILMS could have received the same massive publicity build-up as the recent 11-part, 16-hour German saga 'Heimat', shown on BBC2 in April. Precisely because of this build-up, and with some knowledge of the ideological orientation of most contemporary German filmmakers, I was prepared for a left-wing brainwashing extravaganza of the very worst type. In the event I was surprised and perplexed.

Straightaway the critic must understand that no film dealing, as *Heimat* does, with life in Germany between 1919 and 1982 would have the slightest chance of being made in that country and then shown there and around the world if it were to deal with the Hitler period in any manner suggestive of open sympathy. Bearing this in mind, the production we saw on our TV screens by courtesy of Producer Edgar Reitz could have been a lot worse and in fact leaves unanswered many questions as to just what it was Herr Reitz was trying to say.

The story, taking place in the Hunsrück region of the Rhineland, begins as Paul, one of the two sons of the peasant family Simon, returns from service in World War I. The conversation in the busy household touches upon the subject of a local girl with un-Germanic looks who is suspected of being a gypsy. The viewer is at this point prepared for an incursion into the usual 'anti-racist' sob-story, with the presumed gypsy vindicated as a heroine and her critics portrayed as thoroughgoing racist 'nasties', but this is not how it turns out. The girl becomes seen as something of a tart who flashes her eyes at, among others, the war-weary Paul. Also interested in Paul is Maria, the Burgomeister's daughter and a fine Nordic German type. Paul spends a little time with the gypsy but eventually, without too much enthusiasm, marries Maria. The gypsy in the meantime is found to be carrying the child of a member of the French occupation forces and makes off with him, not to be seen again.

Above and beyond the female sex, Paul's passion in life is radio, in which he is fast becoming an expert. In his few comments on things of moment, he reveals himself as something of a liberal.

HARD TIMES UNDER WEIMAR

The twenties pass by, with the film revealing the hard times that were the lot of most Germans in that period. Suddenly, in 1927, Paul goes out for a walk and does not return. It later transpires that he has gone to America to seek his fortune in the electronics industry,

leaving wife Maria and two young sons, Anton and Ernst, high and dry.

By now it is becoming clear that Maria is a truly splendid woman and the heroine of the whole story. Though highly desired by all the men who know her, she remains faithful to Paul far beyond his deserts, and works and saves valiantly to keep her two youngsters adequately fed and clothed as the weak and corrupt Weimar regime nears its nemesis and economic depression casts its lengthening shadow over Germany. Maria hears no word even to indicate that Paul is still alive but holds on to a seemingly folorn hope that he will one day return.

In the meantime the other son of the Simon family, Eduard, has gone to Berlin to obtain treatment for a weak lung. There he gets lured into a high-class whorehouse (perhaps symbolic of the 'cultural' climate of the German capital during that period), where he meets Lucy, a lady of wealthy family connections whom he takes back to the Hunsrück and marries. Lucy, her light colouring notwithstanding, has a distinctly semitic look. She is a loud, extrovert, actressy person with few endearing qualities. It is left to the viewer to assume that she ensnares the gauche and sickly Eduard because none of the more desirable men around would give her a second look. Socially ambitious, she uses her family wealth to pay for the building of the most grandiose residence in the neighbourhood and starts looking about for ways of pushing her easy-going husband into making himself a bigshot.

NEMESIS

The Weimar abortion of a state nears its nemesis and forces of national revolution gather on the horizon. During this time the heroine, Maria, never says anything to indicate her views on the monumental questions soon to be in conflict in Germany and Europe — which is fortunate; quite clearly, such an admirable person could not be permitted in the film to say anything sympathetic to National Socialism; but neither does she ever say anything to the contrary. She just keeps her own counsel when such matters are discussed by others and gets on with being the good 'hausfrau'. In fact, throughout the film her life personifies the ideal of German womanhood which soon was to become institutionalised under the New Order.

Well, almost. In the late 1930s some engineers and construction workers are to arrive in the area to build one of the proliferating autobahns. One of them is Otto, with whom Maria is to fall in love. Otto is everything that

Paul is not: warm, caring and responsive towards Maria. The latter becomes torn between her loyalty to a husband who may be dead and a man very much alive and present who could give her the happiness that so far has eluded her. She succumbs to Otto and bears his child. In one bedroom scene Otto says he must watch his step because his mother was Jewish. Here we witness the producer doffing his cap to the present zeitgeist, as of course is necessary for the film to get passed as fit for public consumption. In fact the actor playing Otto, one of the film's most sympathetically portrayed characters, did not look in the slightest way Jewish. Later, in the war, he was to become a bomb-disposal expert — not one of those occupations customarily flooded by Jews!

NEW ERA BEGINS

But we are running a little ahead of events. Back to 1933 and the coming to power of Hitler. Tramping feet and torches (what else?) herald the new era. At this point the viewer waits, as if well conditioned, for the familiar sound of breaking glass. Seemingly within a minute, it comes, as the first shop window in the neighbourhood (presumably Jewish) is smashed (Only in 'forbidden' publications are we allowed to read that in fact when such incidents did break out some years later the authorities found firm steps to stop them and afterwards took substantial evidence that they were instigated by anti-Nazi agents provocateurs).

At this stage one anticipates that the film will elaborate on this theme and show how awful life was under the new dispensation, but here again one is surprised. Life, on the contrary, starts to get progressively better. Poverty recedes. Everywhere there are signs of booming economic activity, with easier bank loans for the ordinary private account holder. On one of the public works nearby is a squad of *Arbeitsdienst* (Labour Corps) from one of the Eastern regions of the country. They appear to be in extremely good health and high morale — young men from all classes and backgrounds, together spending their time usefully in rebuilding their country and getting to know what it is to belong to a true national community, transcending social and educational barriers. Of course in 1986 we have progressed to a more enlightened way of life, with the youth of 'free democracy' sitting about in millionsfold idleness when they are not occupied causing riots at football grounds.

Eduard seems to sum up how most people

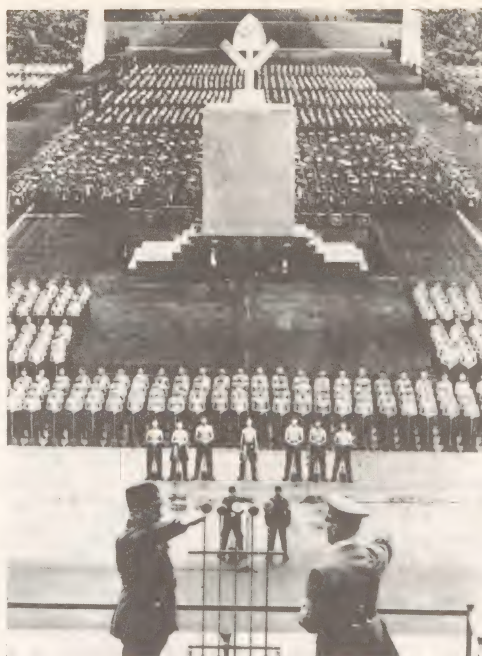
Contd. on next page

feel at this moment of history when he points to the clock on the mantleshelf and says: "If only that hand could now stop and time stand still!" That an aura of unimaginable happiness prevailed in Germany during those years was conveyed to this reviewer nearly 4 decades later by a woman whose youth was spent under Hitler, though in fact she remained throughout her life unaligned politically.

THOSE WHO SERVE THE RULING POWER

Of course, as with all great shifts of power, in whatever country and whatever age, various people support the new establishment for various reasons, idealistic and not so idealistic. It is no case against National Socialism, any more than it is a case against Communism or Liberal Democracy, to say that any number of folk place themselves at the service of those systems for reasons of pure personal opportunism and self-interest and that among those folk are some not so pleasant characters. Who then are the Nazi Party functionaries in this small rural community? Well, there is the Mayor, one Herr Wiegand, who is portrayed more as empty fool than villain. Then there is his son Wilfred (Maria's brother), who graduates from the Hitler youth to the SS. Hardly surprisingly, he is shown as not one of the nicest people in the film. When later the war comes he gets excused front-line duties on account of not being A1 physically and struts around the locality generally making himself beastly to everyone. On one occasion he is seen hectoring old mother Simon on the need not to engage in talk prejudicial to war morale and is accused in reply by her of being a coward who can find nothing better to do than threaten elderly women. Maybe so, but such admonition of civilians, of all ages, to be careful what they say in wartime was not a custom confined to the Third Reich. Who does not remember the posters in Britain of the same period which urged upon all of us that "Careless talk costs lives"? And can those who witnessed the war as citizens of the 'democracies' really say that they never encountered nasty and officious types, representing Churchill's and Roosevelt's crusade to 'save civilisation', who went about bullying those who did not share the same enthusiasm for the slaughter of the finest of the white race? No, doubtless the Germans had their Wilfreds, but so did we.

Eduard, on the other hand, is an altogether less reprehensible character. His wife Lucy, very much with her eye to the main chance, persuades him to get into the party and he is soon to be seen wearing a brown gauleiter's uniform with a swastika on his arm. Eduard is seen in this attire chairing a meeting of local tradesmen and farmers explaining party policy to them with nods of approval from Wiegand Senior. The apparel apart, it really didn't look too different from the local Tory Party Chairman sitting in the British Legion



LABOUR CORPS RALLY
Instead of leaving its youth to rot in idleness, the Germans of the Hitler period mobilised them for the construction of great public works.

club giving the locals a crash course in Thatcherism. Eduard of course is the ordinary decent guy who wants to do something useful for his country and village but doesn't object to a little bit of personal promotion and approbation in the process. The viewer can decide for himself which of these types are most representative of those who joined the Nazis, but in fact all are equally representative — as they are representative of our own Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals.

LETTER FROM THE DEAD

One day, as a bolt from the blue, Maria gets a letter. It comes from husband Paul in America saying he is alive and coming back to see them all. Though by now her romance with Otto is far advanced, Maria, by some kind of inner compulsion, arranges to travel to Hamburg to meet his boat, meanwhile asking Otto to absent himself for a while so as not to cause embarrassment — with which request Otto complies.

Arriving at Hamburg docks with her two young boys, Maria is informed that there is something of a hitch. Paul's name of 'Simon' has aroused the immigration authorities' suspicions as to his racial antecedents, despite the fact that he is of obviously pure Aryan appearance. He is not permitted to land until the matter is cleared up and his non-Jewish pedigree proved. This takes some time and in the meanwhile the boat has to sail with Paul still on it. Maria then decides that she has been foolish in even coming to meet Paul. What has he ever done to earn that kind of devotion? And what of Otto? Is she prepared to give him up for a man who has abandoned her all these years? Maria resolves to return home to the Hunsruck not caring what

happens to Paul, who duly sails back to America to continue with the business of making money.

WAR

War comes. There are the early triumphs and then the later disasters. Sons Anton and Ernst go and do their bit for the fatherland. Life carries on in the village, with Otto, now running his two-man bomb-disposal team, near at hand. Maria bears his son, who is called Hermann. The viewer waits for the inevitable to happen, and in due course it does: Otto attempts to diffuse one bomb too many and is blown up. Poor, tragic Maria!

In one small incident the mandatory anti-Nazi scene is enacted. SS officer Wilfred hears of the landing of a British airman by parachute. Proceeding to the spot, he draws his pistol and shoots him, later explaining to others that the airman was attempting to escape. As the latter was clearly badly wounded, this would have been an unlikely tale which just a cursory examination of his body would have made clear, resulting in Wilfred's being court-martialled, as was the practice with all members of the German forces in World War II found to have acted contrary to the Geneva Convention. Was producer Reitz here seriously trying to pull the wool over the viewers' eyes? Or was it just his way of having a joke by means of a manifestly absurd piece of scening that he knew would be easily rumbled by even the most moderately intelligent among the viewers?

But in fact this small 'atrocities' suffices to fill the vacuum created by the absence of much larger 'atrocities'. The viewer is constantly on the watch for them as the war proceeds but they never come! Only another minor incident as some prisoners are seen in a wood one moment and shots heard ringing out the next. Just how did the producer get away with it? No concentration camps! No gas chambers! No piles of massed corpses! Oy vey! Will Herr Reitz ever make another film?

ADVANCE GUARD OF THE BRAVE NEW WORLD

Final defeat comes and the Americans arrive. What kind of Americans? We wonder as we await this moment. Then the question is answered as two GIs appear outside a French window as the family peer apprehensively out. The two have arrogant, sneering faces **and are both black!** In fact their expressions convey the intention of imminent rape of the nearest women to hand. This is of course not shown, but it is left to the viewer to contemplate that it **might** have happened. Nothing more is seen of the two 'liberators', but their brief appearance, coming as it does as the first symbolic indication of the turning of the tide of history, is pregnant with menace.

They of course are not the only Americans and many more soon appear. Lucy, not surp-

Contd. overleaf

'HEIMAT': HISTORY REVISITED

(Contd. from prev. page)

risingly, is all over them and is soon to be heard singing the praises of the conquerors and all they represent. "Do you know," she says, "we fit into America 2,000 times!" It is not clear whether she means just the Hunsrück district, in which case one wonders the relevance, or Germany, in which case the statement is at least a hundredfold exaggeration.

Duly more symbols of the changed *status-quo* appear. At local social gatherings the lovely old tunes of the world's greatest musical nation are replaced by 'Jazz' and 'Swing', to which the villagers dance as if not exactly to the manner born. Somehow the viewer gets the idea that there is a message here — or is this just a case of wishful thinking?

The film moves on and the war and its end become part of history. In the last episodes we are presented with a pattern of stories which seem to present post-war Germany in fairly typical light. Paul comes over from America with a big black Cadillac and a Negro chauffeur, who seems a bit nicer fellow than his kindred who appeared earlier. Paul is the epitome of the Americanised modern age. He looks ruefully at Maria with his eyes saying "maybe I made a bad mistake" but Maria does not want him. Son Anton builds a successful business manufacturing optical instruments and fights off a rapacious take-over bid by a multi-national, whose two negotiators are portrayed as characters who might have been at home in the Mafia. Maria's youngest son Hermann, after having a very youthful

affair with a woman almost twice his age, becomes a renowned composer and presides over a performance of one of his works, a hideously modern jangle of sound that almost no-one understands. Anton brings mother Maria a present of a brand new colour TV set and is taken aback by her lack of enthusiasm for it. "When I go for a walk in the evening," the now old lady says, "I see through the windows people who will die sitting front of their TV sets."

DEGENERATION OF THE WEST

Most Germans by now are stinkingly prosperous, with material comforts of which previous generations never dreamed. Yet, by contrast with that moment in the past when Eduard wished the hand on the clock would stand still, they clearly are not happy. All the degeneration of the modern West is present in these closing scenes, the last of which is a carnival and fairground. Anton is tipsy and gets picked up by two hideous-looking pros — whether he does business with them or not is not revealed. Maria has recently died and with her a world has seemingly died too. The barbarian 'music' of the new age screeches everywhere — just for a moment replaced in one scene by some of the old rollicking German dancing/marching/drinking songs that recall a healthier past. It seems here that perhaps the producer is asking us to draw a comparison.

As the revels continue, Glasisch, the village oaf, now grown old, collapses and dies but few seem very much to care. Somehow the film comes to an end, as it were, with no ending. It just stops, as an orchestra might stop in mid-performance if

the conductor flaked out.

It is as this moment comes near that the viewer — or at any rate **this** viewer — finds himself stepping back some paces, focussing away from the minute detail and onto the big historical sweep of the story. What is the feeling at this moment? Here one can only speak personally and, let's be honest, subjectively. The feeling is of a transition from **order** to **chaos** — symbolised in a hundred different ways, of a world of beauty and form, albeit sometimes with its harsh manifestations, changing to a world of ugliness and hopelessness, of an era of grandeur turning into an era of the small and the mediocre.

WHAT WAS THE MESSAGE?

Whether or not this was the producer's intention is impossible to say. If questioned, he would of course deny it — as he must. Just what was he really trying to say? Perhaps the fact that that question does not permit an easy answer is one of the indications that *Heimat* is a masterpiece. In works where the artist shouts his message loud and clear, whether it be film, stage or book, the product ceases to be art and becomes propaganda. A work of true genius exists where the beholder is left to interpret the message as his instincts and intelligence would prompt him — the right message, if his thinking is in good fettle, the wrong message, if he is stupid.

I note that the film earned eulogies from no less a critic than Herbert Kretzmer in *The Daily Mail*, a writer whose views on everything are just about dead opposite to mine. What am I to deduce from this? That the producer of *Heimat* is very, very clever? Or that I have got it all wrong?

PERCY GRAINGER AND HIS 'BLUE-EYED' MUSIC

A look at an Anglo-Saxon composer whose best works are hardly ever played, containing some information which perhaps explains why

IN 1983, *Instauration* carried some comments on Spielberg's film, *E.T.* The reviewer asked plaintively, "Instead of having a crummy little worm come down to us from heaven or outer space or wherever, why not a visit from a lovely Nordic princess?" The question is rhetorical and the answer obvious, given the allegiances of today's cultural arbiters. Five decades earlier, though, Americans were blessed with just such a visitation. The venue was the Hollywood Bowl, where in August 1928, the brilliant Australian virtuoso and composer Percy

Grainger conducted a series of concerts described by his biographer as "orgiastic riots of Nordicness."¹

While some of the works performed then are still relatively familiar, others have since been relegated to a predictable obscurity — censored into oblivion, like Howard Hanson's *Nordic Symphony*, Op. 21.²

The climax of the series was the concert's finale on August 9. In the intermission and before a capacity audience of 23,000, Percy Grainger was joined in an elaborate

Contd. on next page

marriage ceremony to the serenely beautiful Swedish poetess and artist, Ella Ström. His wedding gift to his bride took pride of place as the last item on the program: a wistful piece called *To a Nordic Princess*.

Grainger was then at the height of his popular acclaim. Born in Melbourne in July 1882, he was the only son of John and Rose Grainger. Father John was a prominent architect and talented painter, a heavy drinker and a notorious philanderer. Shortly after the birth of his child, he infected his golden-haired wife with syphilis. By 1890, suffering from alcohol and nicotine poisoning, he was packed off to England for a rest cure. From then on Rose supported herself and her son by giving piano lessons.

Percy was her best pupil. Apart from three months of formal schooling, he was entirely home-taught. By the age of twelve, when he held his first concert series, Melbourne's music lovers were so taken by the handsome young prodigy that a benefit concert ensued, the proceeds of which enabled him to continue his musical studies at Frankfurt-am-Main.

LIONISED

By the turn of the century he was ready to launch his career in London, where he performed a series of recitals to boisterous acclaim. His popularity was assured when, in 1903, he toured Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, playing always to packed houses. On his return to London he was "lionized" by the old and new aristocracies, and guaranteed a successful career as a society pianist.

There were greater depths, however, to Percy Grainger; and his contemporary musicians were quick to recognize his many-sided genius. Conductor Sir Charles Williers Stanford featured him as a soloist, and he played frequently under the baton of his friend, Hans Richter. Edvard Grieg admired his piano virtuosity above that of all others. Sir Thomas Beecham asked Percy to become his assistant conductor. Richard Strauss introduced the young Australian's compositions to Germany. Several tours of Europe and Scandinavia were completed, always to packed houses -- save for royal command performances in Norway. A life of honors and rewards were his for the taking. There were only two obstacles to a highly successful lifetime career: his high moral principles and the period in which he lived.

From the age of four or five, Rose had introduced her son to the Icelandic sagas, which always remained his favorite reading. Among other works, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Hans Christian Andersen and Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* were read aloud to him daily. Years later he wrote, "Out of the Freeman book the Battle of Hastings had become (& still is) an acute personal tragedy. My duty as a composer seemed clear: to turn back, in my music, the tide of the Hastings battle, by celebrating all seemingly Old English (Anglo-Saxon) & Norse characteristics, by ignoring, as far as possible, all seemingly Norman traits & influences & those derived from the civilization of the Roman Empire."³ Such was to be his mission.

Percy was interested in those periods of history when the Nordic racial influence was strongest, and his faith in the abilities of the Nordic race was confirmed by experiences in the world beyond his immediate home. He came to believe that the separation of races was a certain guarantee against race riots. In 1903 he visited Brisbane, which he

found to be "Full of Chinese, Kanakas, & worse still, 1/2-breeds To let lower races in in itself shows weakness in the stock; folk must be clean mad after the example of the USA & all past history, to beckon in colored & lower-race work into a land that as yet has no race-hatreds or -wars within itself, & need have none."⁴

RELATED MUSIC TO RACE

Percy was convinced that racial characteristics were a crucial determinant of cultural creativity and concluded that the output of blue-eyed composers excelled that of others. Many years later he tried to prove this theory by photographing the irises of his leading contemporaries.

While studying at the Hoch Conservatorium he noticed that the most brilliant students there were Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians. He felt sure that the era of German musical domination was ending, "that a period of English-speaking and Scandinavian leadership in musical originality lay just ahead."⁵ There is little doubt that he saw himself as one of the leaders of this renaissance.

When it became obvious that the white world was to be

maneuvered into another internecine war, he considered the coming conflagration in purely racial and cultural terms. He had little sympathy with the Germans, believing that a German victory would threaten the smaller Nordic cultures of Denmark and the Low Countries. Furthermore, Germans were to his mind the least Nordic of the Teutonic peoples. Actually, his opinion of all Europeans -- other than the Dutch and Danes -- was low: "Europeans are neither gentle nor fighters. They are merely riff-raff [cheap white trash] for the most part."⁶

A pacifist and nursing a burning ambition to become Australia's first major composer, Grainger had no wish



PERCY GRAINGER

He was a forthright champion of the Anglo-Saxon and other Nordic races. He was steadfastly opposed to racial integration. Possibly this is one of the reasons why today only his lighter musical compositions are widely and often played. His more mature and profound works are scarcely known.

to die in the trenches. In September 1914 he and Rose left for New York. Eighteen years later he wrote, "I know that my music will bring more honour to Australia than any soldier-work I could have done in British armies."⁷

The British reacted strongly against those in their empire who were not zealous and dedicated partisans of warfare with arrests, internments, vicious personal attacks and mindless vilification. Hans Richter, for one, was so contemptuously vilified that he returned his honorary musical

Contd. overleaf

PERCY GRAINGER AND HIS 'BLUE-EYED' MUSIC

(Contd. from prev. page)

doctorates to Oxford and Manchester Universities. Even in New York, Percy was not immune. In England, private and public attacks were made on him, his works were dropped from most concert programs, and many friends and acquaintances flatly refused to answer or acknowledge his letters.

UNDENIABLE GENIUS

Whatever slanders were put about, though, his musical genius was undeniable. By March 1915, he had played to thunderous applause and jubilant critical acclaim in both New York and Boston. In the same season he stormed Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Chicago. When Woodrow Wilson dragged yet another predominantly Nordic nation into the European canyoneer, in an impetuous moment Percy enlisted as a saxophonist with the 15th Band of the Coast Artillery Corps, subsequently taking out American citizenship.

At the end of World War I, Percy resumed his career as a pianist, largely in order to finance his dream of producing a series of concerts consisting entirely of what he termed "Blue-Eyed" music -- relevant compositions by Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians.

Having always been avidly interested in folk music, Percy completed an arrangement of a Morris Dance tune, *Country Gardens*. This was to be his greatest public hit, selling 35,000 copies annually for over twenty years. Royalties from his compositions earned \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. He gave three command performances at the White House.

Nevertheless, the slander and vilification that followed him from England never completely died away. To the old malice was added jealousy -- envy of his success, his winning ways with women, his musical brilliance. For his outspokenly open racialism and anti-Semitism he also earned the hatred of those who never forgive and never forget. His enemies were determined to have their pound of flesh, first personally and then professionally.

Percy's relationship with Rose had always been unusually intense and emotionally intimate. They loved each other as few mothers and sons ever have. She was the one center of stability in his life -- friend, comrade, business partner and devoted manager. But by 1922 Rose was a physical and mental wreck, partly as a result of tertiary syphilis. (Fear of passing on the contagion had caused her to employ a nurse for the first five years of Percy's life, in order to minimize physical contact.)

A tragically false rumor was deliberately circulated in New York, alleging that their relationship was incestuous. Insulted, disgusted, at her wit's end and physically decrepit, Rose died in a fall from the 18th floor of Manhattan's Aeolian Building. The police report stated that she either jumped or fell.

Percy was so devastated he thought of suicide. Perhaps it was only the memory of Rose's belief in his greatness and his mission that kept him alive. He plunged himself more deeply into his work, giving up most of his social life. Very soon he began to look years older. He survived, but he never got over the bitter personal loss.

He also suffered financially from Rose's death. Left on his own, he was a poor financial manager, giving away his money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other music go rapidly out of print. By printing a small and shabby initial run, they could limit his outlets as a composer, and then claim with circular logic that the composition had not sold well enough to justify keeping it in print. In that way, his most serious and ambitious works were denied a hearing, with the result that many came to think of him as the author of only a few lightweight and extroverted piano pieces.

The new medium of disc recordings should have ensured the livelihood of a pianist-composer whose genius was universally acknowledged. But Percy's first contract, with Columbia, was exclusive and gave the company final say over which works would be issued. Inevitably, they selected his performances of the works of other composers, almost never his own compositions. This unhappy practice continued after he had negotiated a new contract with Jack Kapp of Decca Records. His mature works were ignored. In 1950 he and Leopold Stokowski collaborated on an RCA recording of those ebullient early works that had never been allowed to find an audience. As a result, Columbia asked him to conduct a recording of some of his other compositions. RCA blocked the proposal.

Percy continued to compose, to rearrange earlier works and to adapt folk songs, but all outlets for his serious works had been effectively closed by what amounted to a publishing and recording embargo, which he was powerless to end. His later years were largely spent on the establishment of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, and in experimenting with gliding sound effects not unlike those heard in some recent electronic music.

PURIFICATION OF ENGLISH

Retaining his early interest in linguistics, which had made him fluent in at least six European and Scandinavian languages, he never lost interest in his old ideal of English language reform. Believing that his mother tongue was corrupted by too many Southern European influences, he tried to create a modern form of the language, purged of non-native elements. He even engaged a full-time research assistant to help with this "Blue-Eyed English," of which the following is a sample: "I have always believed in the wish-for-ableness of building up a mainly Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian kind of English in which all but the most un-do-withoutable of the French-begotten, Latin-begotten and Greek-begotten words should be side-stepped & in which the bulk of the put-together words should be wilfully & own-up-to-ly hot-house-grown out of Nordic word-seeds."⁸

In February 1960, in White Plains, Percy died of abdominal cancer. His lovely Nordic Princess Ella was beside him. At the very last, Grieg's 1907 comment may have been fulfilled: "Like a god he is lifted above all suffering, all struggle."⁹ To the end he pathetically tried to bring and

Contd. on page 20



SIR: I have recently been watching the *March of Time* series on Channel Four, consisting of old 'news' films from the 1930s, including shots of various unpleasant scenes purporting to come from National Socialist Germany.

Recently I was amazed to hear it stated that, to save time and cost, the producers of this film used to invent and fabricate 'episodes' and that the shots alleged at the time to be of Germany were in fact filmed in New York City!

How we have been, and still are being, fooled! And how can we, in the face of such trickery, now believe any 'atrocities' we are shown?

W.S. WOOTTON
Kings Lynn, Norfolk

SIR: I am a member of the BNP and I have been reading *Spearhead* for many years.

I am writing to ask you if we can have an article about the so-called 'Chosen People'. It was dinned into me at school and by the church that the Jews are the 'Chosen People' — but a few years ago my late husband (Brigadier G.H.N. Wilson) and I discerned the facts about the Khazar 'Jews'. The 'Chosen People' theory is one of the biggest and most blatant 'con-tricks' in existence, and of course the political Zionists want it to continue.

The Khazar Kingdom flourished in South Russia in the middle ages, the Khazars being of Turco-Mongol stock. Their ruler Bhutan (app. 800 AD) converted the nation from phallic worship to Judaism by edict — almost overnight — due to pressure from the East by Islam and from the West by Christianity. The bulk of Eastern European 'Jews' are descendants of this Khazar Kingdom and have dispersed worldwide ever since.

They have no claim whatever to the Holy Land and they assert that all the Bible promises to the Northern Kingdom of 10-tribed Israel and the Southern 2-tribed Kingdom of Judah apply to themselves! They are not even Semites!

Mr. Clayton-Garnett in his article in the April issue is very mixed up. He says that Abraham's family departed from Ur in 20 BC! This is a gross inaccuracy. He talks about the "Jews in Egypt" and calls Joseph a Jew! He was **not**! The word 'Jew' was first used

when a remnant of the tribe of **Judah** and camp followers were allowed by Cyrus to return from their captivity in Babylon to rebuild Jerusalem.

Please do not print such incorrect facts in *Spearhead*. It adds to the great confusion in people's minds and discredits the magazine.

I am still in a state of shock from reading Mr. Clayton-Garnett's article.

NORAH WILSON (Mrs.)
Keswick, Cumbria

Editor's note: We have received and shall be printing next month an article by Captain Kenneth McWilliam supporting this correspondent's theory and also opposing the article by Ben Klassen against Christianity printed in February.

SIR: "Let us have a little tolerance" — and may I be allowed to point out that quite a bit of tolerance goes towards my continuing subscription to *Spearhead*.

Rightly or wrongly, I have so far overlooked the occasional floundering in the field of religion for the sake of receiving the useful comment on events. But what is harmless to me is obviously less so to those in the vacuum left by modern education, who quote the wildest opinion as though it is unassailable fact.

I see no problem of mutual respect between sincere people, Christian and non-Christian. But it does seem to me that objective truth and human veracity are sometimes overlooked. For instance, the only criterion for judging any belief is its truth or falsehood as a matter of fact. Speculations as to its imagined 'usefulness' or otherwise are beside the point. Ideas of forming a God in our own image as a cosmetic prop to our Nationalist cause are just plain silly.

There is a timeless manifestation of Christianity. Unfortunately, many of us in this

country can succeed in pretending that we are only its stagnant shallows. But brilliant intellects never exercised by the classics of Christian thought cannot, in all honesty, claim to have 'rejected' Christianity. But the spirit of the world has always threatened to invade the Church. That is why Christians like myself find themselves engaged in constant warfare within themselves and within the Church and the world. Ceaseless conflict is the abiding tradition and the price of truth.

Some years ago an article in *Spearhead* about Nietzsche contained comments on the Christian doctrine of free will which were wide of the mark and very contemptuous. As carefully and politely as I could, I wrote an account of orthodox reasoning on the subject.

It was not published. So now I shall be agreeably surprised if *Spearhead* really does provide an open forum for 'friendly debate'.

JOAN WHITE
Canterbury, Kent

Editor's note: The number of letters that we can publish in these columns is always limited by space, not by any wish to exclude dissenting views.

SIR: The Chernobyl disaster in the Ukraine reminded me of the millions of Ukrainians who died in 1932-33 from enforced starvation.

Their grain crop was taken from them by the same Soviet Union that seems to pose a threat to all humanity today.

The word 'holocaust' is not in my dictionary. Was it coined since 1932-33? Verification of the artificial famine in the Ukraine can be obtained from: The Secretary, 49 Linden Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, London W2 4HG.

REBECCA HAY (Mrs.)
Glasgow

How to obtain SPEARHEAD

Spearhead is available from our office to those who wish to ensure obtaining copies for themselves every month and to those who wish to obtain quantities for redistribution.

Those wishing for copies for themselves each month should take out a subscription by filling in the form below and sending it to us with a cheque or postal order for the amount applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

The following rates are for 12 issues (please tick in box where applicable):—

British Isles: £8.00 ☐ Overseas unsealed surface mail: £8.80 ☐ Overseas sealed surface mail: £10.85 ☐
Unsealed air-mail Middle East: £11.80 ☐ Unsealed air-mail Canada, USA, South America and Africa: £13.40 ☐ Unsealed air-mail Australia, New Zealand, Far East: £14.30 ☐

Please note: These overseas rates apply if remittance is in Pounds Sterling; if remittance is in overseas currency, an additional charge of £5 is required in the case of cheques and £1 in the case of banknotes, these going to pay banker's commission.

Discounts for bulk purchases can be obtained as follows:—

10-19 copies: 40p ea.; 20-49 copies: 36p ea.; 50-99 copies: 30p ea.; 100-199 copies: 26p ea.; 200-400 copies: 22p ea.; 500 copies or over: 20p ea. (For advice on postal rates, please contact our office).

All cheques and postal orders should be made out to *Spearhead* and sent to: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

BNP Book Service
P.O.Box 446
London SE23 2LS

THE NEW UNHAPPY LORDS (A.K. Chesterton) £3.00 (52p). An exposure of the financial power that seeks to drag on mankind into a global police state. 1972, 255pp.

THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS (Jean Raspail) £2.40 (98p). A sensational novel about the destruction of the white world by Asian immigrant invasion. 1973, 311pp.

THE BIOLOGY OF THE RACE PROBLEM (Prof. W.C. George) £1.00 (22p). The race equality hoax destroyed by an academic expert. 70pp.

DID SIX MILLION REALLY DIE? (Richard Harwood) 50p (12p). The fact-filled pamphlet that refutes the Holocaust legends and evoked Zionist frenzy. 28pp.

THE HOAX OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (Prof. A.R. Butz) £2.40 (59p). A scientist applies clinical methods to an investigation of the 'Holocaust' and completely dissects the myth. 2nd edition 1977, 315pp.

THE MONEY BOMB (James Gibb Stuart) £3.95 (34p). Discusses the failure of our debt-based financial system and describes its role in creating inflation. 1983, 158pp.

RACE, INTELLIGENCE AND EDUCATION, 30p (13p). A reply to the notorious NUT race-mixing booklet, packed with facts and cogent argument. 1979, 20pp.

RACE AND POLITICS (H.B. Isherwood) 30p (12p). Shows that a sense of racial identity is an essential element of nationhood. 1974, 36pp.

RELIGION AND THE RACIAL CONTROVERSY (H.B. Isherwood) 30p (12p). Shows that racial integration is not ordained by Christianity but that the reverse is true. 1970, 16pp.

THE LEMMING FOLK (James Stuart Gibb) £7.95 (66p). A witty and factual examination of current attitudes and intellectual fashion that are threatening our future. 1980, 246pp.

THE GRAND DESIGN (Douglas Reed) £2.00 (18p). A behind-the-scenes look at modern world history. 1977, 45pp.

THE DISPOSSESSED MAJORITY (Wilmot Robertson) £7.50 (£1.82). This book has attracted worldwide attention, dealing as it does with racial problems in America — and not simply the black-white situation. 2nd edition 1981, 613pp.

RACE AND REALITY (Carleton Putnam) £4.00 (40p). A companion volume and supplement to *Race and Reason*, showing how the truth about the race issue has been suppressed by interested parties. 1967 (rep. 1977), 192pp.

VENTILATIONS (Wilmot Robertson) £4.50 (34p). The sequel to the same author's widely acclaimed *Dispossessed Majority*. Revised edition 1982, 113pp.

THE GLOBAL MANIPULATORS (Robert Eringer) £2.50 (34p). While the author repudiates any conspiratorial view of world events, he still provides a comprehensive exposure of the organisation and influence of the Bilderberg Group and the Trilateral Commission. 1980, 95pp.

PEACE STUDIES IN OUR SCHOOLS — PROPAGANDA FOR DEFENCELESSNESS (John Marks) £2.95 (40p). An important book on a major current educational scandal: the indoctrination of schoolchildren by pacifist and unilateralist 'educationalists'. This topical and factual study makes it plain that we are not simply confronted with odd teachers here and there abusing their positions but a whole network of organisations and institutions, some publicly funded, co-ordinating their attack on young people's minds. 1984, 63pp.

THE ZIONIST CONNECTION (Alfred M. Lilien-

Here is the latest list of our books. The figures in brackets represent packing and postage charges. All orders with cash please. Cheques should be made out to BNP Book Service.

thal) £13.00 (£1.82). The second edition of a sensational exposure by a non-Zionist Jew of Zionist power politics. 1982, 904pp.

TREASON AT WESTMINSTER (Dr. Kitty Little) 50p (12p) Text of a memorandum to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure entitled: *Infiltration of the government by members of subversive or criminal organisations for the purpose of furthering the interests of those organisations.* 1979, 24pp.

A WORLD COUP D'ETAT IS PLANNED (Dr. Kitty Little) 50p (12p). Updates the above, giving details of the destructive effects of treaties foisted on Britain. 1984, 66pp.

THE COLLAPSE OF BRITISH POWER (Correlli Barnett) £8.95 (£1.41). A welcome reissue of a vitally important book first published in 1972. Shows how liberalism and lack of political realism brought about Britain's 20th century decline in the political, industrial and military fields. 643pp.

THE ZUNDEL TRIAL AND FREE SPEECH (Doug Christie) £2.25 (18p). The defence counsel's address to the jury in the infamous trial of Ernst Zundel for daring to question the Holocaust myth. A ringing defence of free enquiry and free speech. 1985, 32pp.

F.D.R. — THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN (Hamilton Fish) £5.00 (52p). An exposure of Roosevelt's war guilt and trickery by a former associate. 1976, 255pp.

RACE AND REASON (Carleton Putnam) £4.00 (40p). A plain, unemotional account of the race issue that has been an invaluable contribution to the debate ever since it was first published. 1961 (rep. 1977), 125pp.

STATE SECRETS (Count Leon de Poncins) £3.50 (59p). A study of some little known state documents that throw much light on recent history. 1975, 191pp.

CENSORED HISTORY (Eric Butler) £1.50 (18p). An examination of some of the facts of recent history that have not found their way into textbooks and newspapers. 1974, 48pp.

THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION (Douglas Reed) £9.00 (£1.41). A best-seller in nationalist circles ever since its publication. A study of Jewish-Gentile relations since biblical times, packed with little-known and long-suppressed facts. 1979, 580pp.

THE NAMELESS WAR (Capt. A.H.M. Ramsay) £2.50 (34p). An outline of the secret history of the events leading up to the Second World War, including information on previous upheavals. The author had the honour of being imprisoned without trial for four years during the war, despite his status as a member of parliament. Originally published 1952, 128pp.

NATURE'S ETERNAL RELIGION (Ben Klassen) £6.70 (98p). A controversial and hard-hitting book outlining the author's ideal of a new religion based on the right to survival of the white race. The author in presenting his ideas on this matter makes it plain who represents the threat to white survival. 1973, 508pp.

THE WHITE MAN'S BIBLE (Ben Klassen) £6.70 (98p). A companion volume to the same author's *Nature's Eternal Religion* in which he expands his concept of Creativity as the future religion of the white race. 1981, 451pp.

EXPANDING CREATIVITY (Ben Klassen) £4.20 (52p). A selection of the best articles written by the author in his paper *Racial Loyalty*. 1985, 255pp.

BUILDING A WHITER AND BRIGHTER WORLD (Ben Klassen) £4.20 (52p). A follow-on from *Expanding Creativity*, containing a further selection of articles from later issues of *Racial Loyalty*. 1985, 270pp.

We should perhaps make it plain that the above books by Ben Klassen are strongly critical of the Christian religion and that the many Christians we are glad to number among our customers will find much in these books to disagree.

THE SIX MILLION RECONSIDERED (W. Grimsstad) £2.50 (66p). Examines not only the 'Holocaust' but other topics involved in the Jewish Question, including the exploitation of the 'anti-semitic' smear. 1977, 170pp.

NUREMBERG AND OTHER WAR CRIMES TRIALS: A NEW LOOK (Richard Harwood) 75p (34p). A scholarly exposure of this cynical travesty of justice. 1978, 68pp.

RACIAL KINSHIP (H.B. Isherwood) 30p (12p). A further well-argued presentation of the case for 'racism' by the author of *Race and Politics*. 1974, 36pp.

ARCHITECTS OF CONSPIRACY (William P. Hoar) £15.00 (£1.41). One of the most serious and detailed accounts of financial manipulation ever published. From the time of the American Revolution to the present, we are given names, dates and facts. The material originally appeared in the journal *American Opinion*. 1984, 361pp.

THE TURNER DIARIES (Andrew MacDonald) £1.50 (34p). A powerful novel describing the fight-back of the white man in America. A futuristic fantasy that might not be so fantastic after all. 1980, 211pp.

CONSPIRACY OR DEGENERACY? (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00 (52p). Text of lecture by the author, a brilliant scholar, to New England rally for God, Family and Country in 1966. 76pp.

AMERICA'S DECLINE: THE EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £3.50 (46p). A collection of articles and reviews on various aspects of the collapse of modern civilisation. 1981, 375pp.

POPULISM AND ELITISM (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00 (52p). A study of the purpose and function of political power and the elements which wield it in the present century. 1982, 101pp.

THE ENEMY OF EUROPE (Francis Parker Yockey & Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £6.00 (75p). Thought-provoking essay on the powers set on destroying the European peoples, written by Yockey, accompanied by a review of the same work by Prof. Oliver. 1981, 240pp.

I.Q. AND RACIAL DIFFERENCES (Prof. Henry Garrett) £1.00 (12p). Clear and concise summary of the evidence of racial differences in intelligence and their significance in education. 1980, 57pp.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE (Patrick Walsh) £2.25 (56p). A former Canadian undercover police officer exposes the dirty tricks employed by Zionists and Communists to misdirect and destroy patriotic groups and to suppress free enquiry. 1986, 34pp.

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £4.00 (50p). An entertaining survey of modern fallacies and their charlatan promoters. 1983, 94pp.

THE USES OF RELIGION (Prof. Revilo P. Oliver) £1.00 (12p). Examines the value of religion as a socially cohesive force. 1982, 36pp.

THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIAL (Michael A. Hoffman II) £4.00 (50p). Extremely comprehensive and well written report on the infamous trial of Ernst Zundel in Canada, also covered in *The Zundel Trial and Free Speech*. 1985, 95pp.

OTHER PUBLICITY MATERIAL

B.N.P. STATEMENT OF POLICY

An up-to-date resume of the main political objectives of the British National Party. 22p post-free from: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

B.N.P. ELECTION MANIFESTO 1983

Booklet outlining the policies on which the British National Party fought the 1983 General Election. Entitled

Vote for Britain (23pp). 42p post-free from: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

B.N.P. LEAFLETS

Fed up with the party politicians? Reprint of a popular old Nationalist leaflet, brought up to date. Deals with British National Party policies on the main national issues.

If only we were black... Leaflet produced by the Young Nationalists, the BNP youth division, and aimed primarily at Britain's young people. Contrasts the way young Whites have been left on the scrapheap with the specially favoured treatment given to Britain's coloured racial minorities.

Have you been thrown on the scrapheap by foreign imports? This leaflet deals with unemployment and ex-

plains in simple terms how millions of British jobs are being destroyed by the international free trade policies of successive governments. A brief and concise argument for economic nationalism.

Violent crime in Britain: the horrifying truth. Deals with muggings, rapes and other violent attacks on defenceless people, giving examples of specific cases. Calls for much tougher treatment of violent criminals.

Handsworth, September 9th 1985 — where next? Up-to-date leaflet produced immediately following the Handsworth race riot and calling for repatriation.

This is OUR country. Leaflet questioning people on their views about race riots and multi-racialism and telling them that if they answer affirmatively their place is with the British National Party. Features vivid picture of riot area in flames.

Are you concerned about Scotland's future? Leaflet specially produced for distribution in Scotland. Outlines BNP policies on main issues of interest to Scots.

Bradford's future — part of Yorkshire or part of Asia? Special leaflet for distribution in the racially troubled Bradford area.

These leaflets cost £4.50 per 1,000 with postage costs at £2.23 for 1,000, £2.65 for 2,000 and £3.10 for 3,000. Orders with cash to PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

B.N.P. POSTERS

Large posters (17.7in. x 25.2in.)

Multi-racial Britain: the experiment that failed. Help us end it! Collage of 1981 riot photos, with BNP name and address and logo in red, white and blue. Limited quantities left in stock. Not being reprinted.

Plain poster. Contains BNP name and address and logo in red, white and blue. Remaining space empty for slogan to be filled in that is appropriate to the occasion. Available only to accredited BNP regional, branch or group Organisers.

These large-size posters cost: 1-9 at 12p each; 10-19 at 10p each; 20-49 at 8p each; 50 or over at 6p each. Estimate postage at weight of 20g for 1 poster.

Medium-sized posters (12.6in. x 17.7in.)

Multi-racial Britain: the experiment that failed. Help us end it! Collage of 1985 riot photos.

Oppose the disarmers! Build up our forces! Make Britain strong! Photo of Royal Marine in action with machine gun.

She freezes in winter while Third World gets £1,000 million a year. Put British people before aliens! Photo of old lady by unlit fire.

Support Ulster: smash terrorism. Hang IRA murderers! Drawing of man holding hangman's rope with wife and youngster and flag in background.

What's happened to free speech? (with details of prosecutions against BNP activists for speaking out on race). With drawing of man with gag around mouth.

Protect British jobs: ban imports! Special unemployment poster with photo of Japanese cars coming off boat.

CND are Moscow's puppets. Don't be fooled by them. Keep Britain's bomb. Drawing of Soviet Army General manipulating nuclear disarmers on puppet strings.

Protect our women and old folk: stamp out muggers! Drawing of typical mugging gang.

These posters contain the BNP name and address and

logo in red, white and blue and are priced: 1-9 at 12p each; 10-19 at 10p each; 20-49 at 8p each; 50 or over at 6p each. Postage should be estimated on the basis of one poster weighing 10g.

Orders with cash to PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

NEW B.N.P. STICKERS

New stickers with slogans:-

Fight subversion: smash Communism!

Put British people before aliens! (same as poster).

Start repatriation!

Make Britain strong! (same as poster).

Ban imports! (same as poster).

Stamp out muggers! (same as poster).

Free speech under attack. (same as poster).

Hang IRA murderers! (same as poster).

Keep Britain's bomb! (same as poster).

Protect our young from child murderers: bring back the rope!

Scrap the Anglo-Irish Agreement: Keep Ulster British!

Love the white race: protect its future!

Abortion is child-murder: make it illegal!

Protect us from AIDS: outlaw homosexuality!

Get Britain out of the Common Market!

Stickers with BNP name and address and logo in red, white and blue. Price: £4 per 1,000 plus 98p p&p. Orders with cash to PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

B.N.P. RECORDINGS

Rally '82: Speeches from the BNP national rally in London on October 16th 1982, the theme of which was "Unite and fight for Britain's future!"

Side 1: Includes speech by Charles Parker.

Side 2: Speech by John Tyndall.

Voices of Nationalism:

Side 1: Speeches from the Nationalist Unity rally in London on September 5th 1981. Hear John Tyndall, Kenneth McKilliam, Len Bearsford-Walker and others.

Side 2: Talk by John Tyndall on the theme: "The coming British Revolution"

Tyndall speaks I: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on theme of "Our Anglo-Saxon heritage" (about the worldwide dispersion of the peoples of British stock).

Side 2: Talk on theme of "Britain's economic crisis".

Tyndall speaks II: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on the theme of "The case for Nationalism" (the internationalist argument demolished).

Side 2: Talk on the theme of "Tragedy of the 20th Century (analysis of the Second World War).

Tyndall speaks III: Two studio talks:-

Side 1: Talk on the theme of "Why we must repatriate".

Side 2: Talk on the theme of "Foundations of the national community" (Discourse on Racial Nationalism and its concepts of government and citizenship).

Cassette recordings available at £3.50 plus 18p p&p. Orders with cash to: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

B.N.P. BADGES

British National Party badges available for £1.25 post-free from PO Box 457, London SE20 7QE.

B.N.P. SHIELD

Attractively designed British National Party shield carved in wood and containing two crossed Union Jacks with the words "British National Party — for race and

nation". Ideal for your mantelpiece or wall. Available at £15 post-free. Orders with cash to: Plymouth BNP, PO Box 75, Plymouth PL1 1SQ.

BRITISH NATIONALIST SONG TAPE

Containing 9 songs, including: **Boys of the bulldog breed; Britain is my home; White men awake!; My skin is white; Sons of Britain; Britain is a white man's land; Members of the BNP; Soldiers of the BNP and Dear Motherland.** Available at £3.50 plus 66p p&p. Copies of lyrics sent with each order. Orders with cash to Plymouth BNP, PO Box 75, Plymouth PL1 1SQ.

B.N.P. TIES, BOOKMATCHES, SELF-ADHESIVE STICKERS, BALL PENS, BEER MATS

Smart navy-blue polyester neckties bearing the BNP roundel set over crossed Union Jacks and encircled by the party name and slogan: **For race and nation.** Available at £4.60 post-free.

Bookmatches bearing slogan: **Britons! Fight back with the British National Party!** and party address. Box of 50 for £2.90 post-free.

BNP round stickers bearing party logo with name and address. 2½in diameter: £4.60 per roll of 500 inc. p&p (collected £4 per roll); 2in. diameter £4.25 per roll of 500 (collected £3.85 per roll); diameter 1½in. £3.25 per roll of 500 (collected £2.95 per roll).

Oblong BNP stickers with party logo, name and address: (1) with slogan: **A new way forward for Britain;** (2) with slogan: **Stop the riots — peace through repatriation;** (3) with slogan: **Smash the IRA — Keep Ulster British.** £4.60 per roll of 500 inc. p&p (collected £4.20 per roll).

BNP beer mats with party logo, name and address. Slogan: **British Nationalism is working for our people — let's rebuild Britain now.** Ideal recruitment aid for leaving in pubs or for Nationalist socials. Samples for £1 or packs for £3/£5/£10 inc. p&p.

BNP ball pens brown/gold retractable ball pen with clip. 3 for £1 inc. p&p. White/blue ball pen 6 for £1 inc. p&p. Both types of pen stamped with party name.

Stick pen with clip; publicity pencil; publicity pencil with rubber; teric ball pen; super retractable pen. One of each type for £1 inc. p&p. All stamped with party name. Bulk rates for individual items on request.

Orders with cash to Norwich BNP, PO Box 107, Norwich NR2 2SR.

B.N.P. PENS AND DIARIES

Pens bearing the slogan "British National Party — for race and nation". Sample for 22p post-free.

1986 diaries available at 50p each or 40p each for 10 or over (post-free).

Orders with cash to Liverpool BNP, PO Box 72, Liverpool L69 8AJ.

CANDOUR

British views letter, founded by A.K. Chesterton to defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance. Subscription £4.50 per year. Obtainable from: Forest House, Liss Forest, Hants. GU33 7DD.

THE THUNDERBOLT

Hard hitting paper for American and other white race patriots. Sample copy for £1 from: PO Box 1211, Marietta, Ga. 30061, U.S.A.

POPULAR PUBLICITY AIDS

Stickers (below) and posters (right)
For prices see above

SAVE OUR CITIES FROM THIS...

Start Repatriation!

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY



Scrap the
Anglo-Irish
Agreement

**KEEP
ULSTER
BRITISH!**

BNP

Protect our women
and old folk

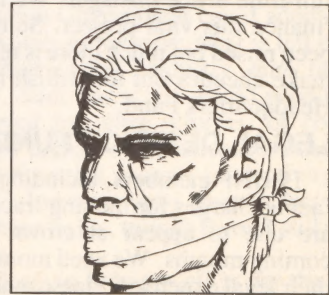


STAMP OUT MUGGERS!

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY

PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO FREE SPEECH?



As this poster goes to the printers, 11 members of the British National Party, including the author, are being prosecuted for daring to speak out against the Government's racialist immigration policies. By helping defend them you are helping defend freedom. Please contribute to their legal costs. Any surplus goes to the party.

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY

PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS

RED TROUBLEMAKERS GET A HIDING

...Then they whine to the world about BNP 'brutality'!



Photo by Richard Fawcus

B.N.P. THROW REDS OUT
A scene from the Tower Hamlets meeting, when BNP members dispatched the red mob that had come to cause trouble.

SUPPORT THESE FUNDS!

THERE ARE THREE important funds currently being operated by the British National Party, all of which vitally need support in the immediate future. These are:-

GENERAL ELECTION FUND

The BNP aims to contest a minimum of 20 seats in the next General Election with a full back-up campaign that will cost at least £1,000 per seat — plus, if possible, 30 more seats so as to qualify the party for broadcasting time. In every area local funds are being launched for this purpose but we need in addition a national fund to supplement and, if necessary, underwrite these local funds. Please make cheques out to: British National Party General Election Fund.

HEADQUARTERS FUND

The BNP hopes this year to open a headquarters office in the London area staffed by a full-time office manager. We need money to finance this vital project. Some has already been raised but much more is required. Please make cheques out to: British National Party Headquarters Fund.

LEGAL DEFENCE FUND

11 BNP members, including its leader, are facing charges for inciting 'racial hatred' and are due to appear at crown courts in the coming months. We need money to help with their legal expenses. Please make cheques out to British National Party Legal Defence Fund.

All monies should be sent to: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

THE LEGIONS of the unwashed left showed themselves the whining cry-babies we know them to be in the aftermath of the British National Party meeting in Tower Hamlets, E. London, on May 3rd.

First the left, through their pals on the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA — you know, the people who think it 'educative' of little children to show them photos of homosexual couples in bed!), tried to get the meeting stopped by denying the BNP the hire of a hall for the purpose of supporting a borough council candidate. When the BNP brought a successful court action against ILEA, the left, incensed at the court's decision, tried to stop the meeting by force.

A large mob of them came to the hall on the day. A number were let into the meeting about equal to the number of BNP personnel present.

The obvious intent of the reds was to wreck the meeting. As soon as the chairman opened the proceedings they began massed chanting which made it quite impossible for a word to be heard. When, after two warnings, the BNP stewards and members went to eject them, they resisted violently and a fight ensued.

The reds got decidedly the worst of it and within a short time found themselves on the outside of the hall nursing a good few cuts and bruises.

They then behaved in a manner we have come to know as typical of them. They kicked up a massive public din, complaining about the 'brutality' of the BNP men who had dared to stop the reds wrecking their meeting! A snivelling letter was sent to *The Guardian* newspaper by a group of them, claiming that they had only come along for 'peaceful heckling' and were 'viciously' set about by the BNP stewards just for voicing disagreement!

The same theme was repeated in *City Limits* magazine, a weekly left-wing rag, which likewise tried in its report to create the impression that the BNP were the 'aggressors' and the left the 'poor victims'. In the

Times Educational Supplement a report on the meeting said that "Outraged teachers have called for extremist groups to be banned from school premises following a riot at an election meeting held by the right-wing British National Party at an east London primary school."

They want us banned as a result of a riot that they planned and created!

The Times Supplement continued, saying:- "According to one observer, the violence began after members of the public started heckling the speakers, who included BNP leader John Tyndall. BNP members threw chairs at the hecklers and the police were slow

Contd. on next page

IN THIS MAGAZINE there occur from time to time articles and reports which reflect unfavourably on some sections of the racial minorities in Britain, such as facts about crime, rioting, etc. These facts, and any opinions that are expressed in connection with them, are intended to persuade our readers of the failure of multi-racialism, not to encourage anyone to express hatred against members of racial minority groups. We oppose this hatred because it is entirely counter-productive and diverts attention from the real issue, which is that native British Whites and coloured immigrants should be SEPARATED — in the interests of both. There are a number of members of racial minorities who agree with us in this view, and we welcome their co-operation in achieving our common goal, which is peaceful and humane repatriation or resettlement of racial minorities in countries overseas.

We are fully aware, when we make reference to anti-social behaviour by racial minority members, that there is much anti-social behaviour also by native Whites, for instance football hooliganism, which is a mainly white phenomenon. When this anti-social behaviour by Whites occurs, we condemn it as much as we condemn similar behaviour by coloureds. Just as we feel it legitimate, however, to point out that football hooliganism is a form of behaviour for which Whites are mainly responsible, so we also maintain it to be legitimate, when racial minorities are implicated in certain forms of anti-social or criminal behaviour out of proportion to their numbers, to report this frankly and to discuss its implications for Britain's future.

In conclusion, we urge all those who feel angered by the results of the multi-racial experiment not to vent their anger upon innocent members of racial minorities, but to join with us in taking lawful political action to oppose the politicians who have created the problem.

BNP man gets 2 months on race charges

DAVID OWENS, Leeds Organiser of the British National Party, was convicted at Leeds Crown Court on May 14th of distributing items of literature as a result of which 'racial hatred' was likely to be stirred up against racial groups in Britain. He received 2 months' imprisonment.

As readers will anticipate, we have a great deal to say about this conviction and sentence. As we go to press, however, Mr. Owens is lodging an appeal against the court verdict and any comments we may make upon the case could be rendered *sub judice*.

to move in."

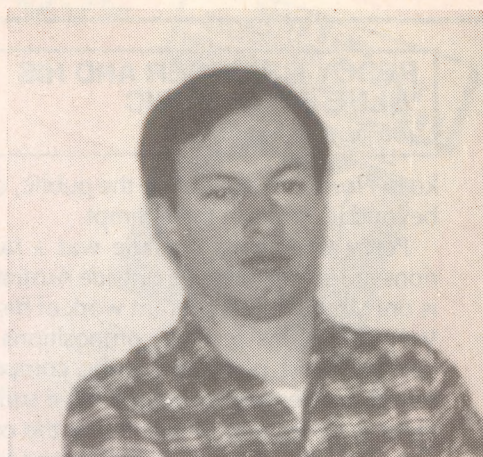
The Times Supplement does not of course tell its readers who this "one observer" is. It did not seem to occur to its reporter to contact other "observers", such as someone of the BNP, who would have given the true picture, which was that people were not attacked for 'heckling' — a good speaker welcomes hecklers — but were thrown out of the meeting after trying to stop it, first by drowning the speaker's voice then starting a fight.

Outside the meeting the clashes were between the reds and the police. The same whining protest was adopted in complaints about the police handling of the situation. In

In the meantime Mr. Owens is in jail just for expressing his opinions. He has a wife and one child who are going to find things hard in his absence, Mrs. Owens being an ordinary housewife with no outside employment. We hope that all readers will send in some contributions to help Mrs. Owens get by in the coming weeks. Donations should be sent to Leeds BNP, PO Box BR10, Bramley, Leeds 13.

fact the reds had come along to block the entrance to the hall. The police, as was quite proper, took steps to remove them so as to allow people to enter. This was described later by the left as an "attack" by police on "peaceful demonstrators".

For the future, whatever the reds may try, BNP policy will remain the same. The party will exercise its right to hire meeting halls owned by local authorities for the support of candidates standing in elections. If opponents come to these meetings merely to heckle or argue, they will be left alone to make the fools of themselves that they usually do. If, on the other hand, they try by force to stop the meetings being held, they will find that force will be met by force and they will be thrown out, as they were rapidly and efficiently at Tower Hamlets last month.



DAVID OWENS

Contact your local party unit

THE BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY is organised into active units extending over most of the areas of the United Kingdom. Below we give a list of the local addresses of the main units:-

NORTH LONDON

PO Box 462, Greenwood Road, Hackney, London E8 4HH

WEST LONDON

PO Box 33, Greenford, Middx. UB6 8DS

SOUTH LONDON

PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS

Bromley

PO Box 457, London SE20 7QE

EAST KENT

73 Shirkoak Park, Woodchurch, Ashford

DEVON & CORNWALL

PO Box 75, Plymouth PL1 1SQ

EAST ANGLIA (NORTH)

A9 Johnson Place, Norwich NR2 2SA

EAST ANGLIA (SOUTH)

2 Albert Road, Framlingham, Suffolk

EAST MIDLANDS

PO Box 148, Leicester LE3 2YD

BIRMINGHAM

PO Box 771, Great Barr, Birmingham B44 9LZ

STOKE-ON-TRENT

PO Box 320, Tunstall, Stoke

LIVERPOOL

PO Box 72, Liverpool L69 8AJ

MANCHESTER

PO Box 16, Salford M6 5EP

YORKSHIRE

Leeds & Bradford

PO Box 10, Bramley, Leeds 13

Wakefield

PO Box 42, Wakefield

Hull

PO Box 58, Hull HU6 7HR

TYNE & WEAR

PO Box 8, South Shields NE33 1LP

SCOTLAND

PO Box 85, Glasgow G3 8UL

The BNP also has units in West Kent, Basingstoke (Hants), Gloucestershire, Hertfordshire, Bedford, Cambridge, Devizes (Wilts), Brierley Hill (W. Midlands), Coventry, Burton-on-Trent, Bolton & Bury, Warrington, Halifax and Sheffield. If you want to make contact with any of these units, or start a new unit, please write to Party Head Office at: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

Local government election results

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY candidates standing in local government elections last month fared as follows:-

David Ettridge, standing in Holy Trinity Ward, **Tower Hamlets**: 212 votes (6.8 per-cent).

Harold Challenger, standing in Sheldon Ward, **Birmingham**: 157 votes (6 per-cent).

Ian Sloan, standing in Warbreck Ward, **Liverpool**: 55 votes (0.85 per-cent).

David Owens, standing in Richmond Hill Ward, **Leeds**: 69 votes (1.15 per-cent).

Robert Coupe, standing in Eccleshill Ward, **Bradford**: 74 votes (1.7 per-cent).

Gerry Robinson, standing in Idle Ward, **Bradford**: 65 votes (1.6 per-cent).

Though the Northern results were disappointing, those in London and Birmingham give much reason for encouragement, particularly when it is borne in mind that there has been very little background activity in the wards in question, as also in Liverpool and Leeds.

TYPESETTER & ORDINARY FUNDS

This last month has seen only a very tiny total of contributions to the Typesetter Fund, the sum received being £27.80. This makes a total raised since the fund began of £1,654.00, leaving £414.00 still to be raised.

On the cheerful side, donations to the ordinary fund were above average for the month and it has therefore been possible to repay some of the money borrowed in the past by the ordinary fund from the Typesetter Fund. We are nevertheless some way behind schedule in repaying the loan needed to buy the typesetting machine and we need much more in the way of contributions to the ordinary fund, so that this deficit can be made up.

We hope our readers will contribute generously this month to both funds. All contributions should be sent to: PO Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

PERCY GRAINGER AND HIS 'BLUE-EYED' MUSIC

(Contd. from page 14)

keep Nordic music before the public, driving his sick body beyond its limits in the attempt.

Percy Grainger's crusade was a failure. His compositions are seldom played outside Australia, and even there it is only the light, exuberant work of his youth that is heard. Very few of his serious compositions have ever been recorded. Most of those Nordic composers whom he admired, befriended or helped have suffered a similar treatment -- Grieg and Delius being the only real exceptions. The Grainger Museum in Melbourne keeps his flame burning to some extent, although it is starved of funds; and the University of Illinois has had the initiative to issue private recordings of some of his compositions. A few younger pianists and composers have recently begun to "rediscover" him, but hardly anyone interested in folk or medieval music, in the revival of both of which he played a crucial role, has even heard his name.

A suitable epitaph for Percy Grainger may be written one day. In the interim, we could do worse than heed the words of Dr. Kaare Nygaard, his American physician: "Of course he was a genius -- whatever that actually means. Among many other things he also impressed me as being almost a human Saint."¹⁰ We can perhaps hope that if and when our culture is liberated from its cacophonous occupiers, the unrecorded and unperformed music of his maturity will delight the ears of those for whom it was written and from whom it has been withheld for these many years by those whose favorite instrument is the drum.

SELECTED RECORDINGS

Grieg Piano Concerto (Duo-art piano roll). John Hopkins cond. RCA VRL 1 0168. With Leopold Stokowski cond. Grainger Favourites.

Over the Hills and Far Away (Music for Symphonic Band). University of Illinois, cond. Harry Begian. Nos 74 and 75.

The Orchestral Works of Percy Grainger. 5 volumes. Cond. John Hopkins. EMI 55 14, 7606-8, 430000.

Salute to Percy Grainger. English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, et al., 2 volumes, Decca SXL 6410; 6872.

NOTES

1. Bird, John, *Percy Grainger* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1982; first published London: Paul Elek, 1976), p. 199.
2. Howard Hanson. Born 10/28/1896. Won the Prix de Rome, 1921. Inaugurated the American Composers Concerts at Rochester. Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music and the American Institute of Arts and Letters. Won Pulitzer Prize, 1944; Ditson Award, 1945; and George Foster Peabody Award, 1946.
3. Bird, p. 11.
4. Dreyfus, Kay, (Editor), *The Farthest North of Humanness: Letters of Percy Grainger 1901-14* (Melbourne: Macmillan, 1985), p. 25.
5. *Australian Journal of Music Education*, No. 18, April 1976, cited in Dunstan, Keith, *Ratbags* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1980), p. 223.
6. Dreyfus, p. 434.
7. Dreyfus, p. 529.
8. Bird, p. 196.
9. Grieg, Edvard, *Diary*, 5 August 1907, cited in Dunstan, p. 217.
10. Bird, p. 249.

Reproduced with acknowledgements to INSTAURATION, PO Box 76, Cape Canaveral, Florida 32920, U.S.A.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENEMY

(Contd. from page 5)

But there is another reason why these people enjoy the exaggerated positions they occupy in today's society. They are where they are because what used to be that alternative world, the world of tradition, order, decency, good sense, patriotism, civilised standards and mature behaviour, has meekly surrendered to them and let them trample all over it. At every juncture where it has been confronted by these outpourings from the human catacombs it has turned and run. That alternative world, represented by the well pressed suits and manicured fingernails of

'suburbia' and whose political watchword is 'moderation' has capitulated to the scum rather than fight -- has not only conceded to it the streets, the factories, the schoolrooms and the ghettos but has left to it a vacuous wilderness in the realm of ideas, where, for want of resistance, it makes all the running and determines all the rules. While the scum run amok, the guardians of that alternative world concentrate with dedication on cultivating their garden hedges, subscribing to parish church restoration and keeping social inferiors out of the golf club.

'Respectable' citizens occasionally tut-tut about mob power in the letter columns of the 'quality' newspapers, but when confronted with the task of opposing the mob effectively

they simply run for cover. They are yellow-bellied sheep who deserve all they get from the legions of the unwashed.

Why did the rabble come to our small meeting full of snarling hate, while except only rarely it leaves the much larger and more influential gatherings of the 'establishment' alone? It can surely only be because in us it detects an adversary that is not going to capitulate, either ideologically or physically, but in which in both respects it has met its match and its potential destroyer. The rabble left that meeting more hateful still, in the frustration of not accomplishing its task. For our part, in the venom of its demented faces and the vituperation of its twisted propaganda we see the surest sign that we are on the right road.

Find out about the British National Party

Send 20p for information pack.

To:
P.O. BOX 446
LONDON SE23 2LS

Name.....

Address.....

I enclose.....